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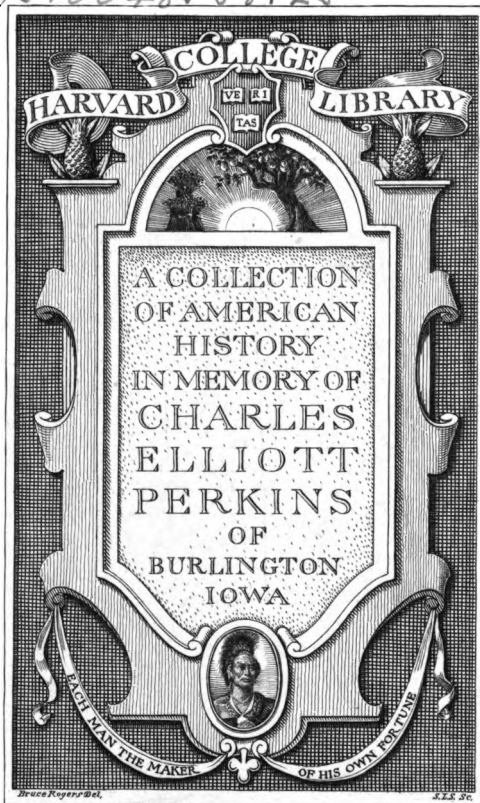
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IMPRESSIONS
OF THE
WEST & SOUTH.

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IMPRESSIONS
OF THE
WEST AND SOUTH.

William Kingsford

IMPRESSIONS
OF THE
WEST AND SOUTH.

DURING A SIX WEEKS' HOLIDAY.



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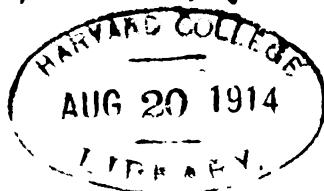
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1858.

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C. E. Perkins memorial

TORONTO:
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P R E F A C E .



These letters first appeared in a Toronto newspaper ; and it has been thought by some literary friends of the writer, that their reproduction would, to a certain extent, supply a void, if it were only on one point—the commercial connection between the Western States and Canada : more especially as it is requisite that public men should know that the question needs to be practically dealt with, and that no delay should occur in the inauguration of those legislative measures without which permanent benefits can not be attained.

The remaining portion of the letters are mere *impressions de voyage* of events and influences not only striking different men differently, but changing their aspect with the hour. They are, therefore, put forth with diffidence ; but the writer may at least say they have been written with sincerity.

W. K.

JARVIS STREET, TORONTO,
Jan. 7, 1858.

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IMPRESSIONS OF THE WEST AND SOUTH.

THE WESTERN STATES.

CHICAGO, 13th Nov., 1857.

How is it that travellers from Toronto, going West, are kept for one mortal hour at the dreary Railway station in Hamilton of the Great Western waiting for the Western train? The question is not very difficult to answer, for that Company has from the first hour of its legislative existence shown a determination to slight Toronto, as if its management were prompted by the rivalry of Hamilton. I am in hopes, however, that the period is fast approaching when the Company will be driven to a more considerate policy. In a few months the connection will be made by the Grand Trunk Railway with London, and the hour now lost in Hamilton will be divided between Toronto and London, so that not only will the cars start later, but time will be allowed for refreshments in London, in place of the rapid bolt with which food is now devoured at that place. I do not mean to say that to wait an hour is, after all, a serious punishment, for one of the earliest lessons inculcated on.

travellers is patience, and if it were a necessity to wait twice that time, doubtless one's philosophy would be equal to the emergency. But the delay is a wilful disregard of what is due to us, and arises from the insufficiency of plant detailed for the service. For, instead of having one set of cars to go and one to return, the same train is made to answer, and the hour is required to shunt the cars and turn the engine. Were the waiting-room marked by ordinary conveniences, or were there the least attempt shown that comfort was cared for, one might submit more cheerfully. But there is merely the one bare room, with seats around it—excepting where doors open to admit the draughts, which sweep in and out in all directions at this season of the year. It is so cold and comfortless that it is impossible to read, and at the same time one is bewildered with the noise, no little of which arises from the cries of the poor cold children always to be seen on the main arteries of Railways. Possibly the Great Western Company may perpetuate this arrangement, nuisance as it is, but they may perhaps now and then remember that their motives are understood, and that their want of consideration is held at a right value.

The route from Toronto to Chicago is one which hardly needs comment in Toronto, and yet the observer can find now and then stray remarks to make, not wholly without their value. Both the lines of which it is composed are in excellent order, and everything is apparently done to consult the safety of the passengers, so far as it is possible to remedy the early faults committed during construction. There is this difference, however, that the Great Western can obtain excellent ballast, while the Michigan Central is driven to resort to a sand mixed with a reddish clay, which it struck me must require careful watching in wet weather. On the other hand, the great source of trouble on the Great Western will be the bridges, and it remains to be seen how the difficulty of restoring them will be met, as repairs become necessary. That it is a

difficulty to be faced, both stockholders and engineers must feel, and in my humble opinion, if they are wise, they will not hesitate a moment in making the restorations of iron. The first cost may be serious; but this met, with ordinary care and attention, there will be little annual outlay, and literally an absence of anxiety. As it is, the wooden structures must be a source of constant expense, for it is evident that strenuous efforts are put forth to keep the track in a fit condition and one is whirled over it with ease and comfort. Nevertheless, after twelve hours' ride, one is not sorry to see the lights of Detroit. I myself must confess to have a slight *tendre* for this place. Without touching upon a passage in Canadian history, which is gratifying to our national pride, I have always looked with interest on the scene where the small fort was defended for so many months against Pontiac and his hordes, a century back, (1763.) All memento of it has passed away except the street which bears its name. The creek, however, to the north of the town, still retains its ominous title of "Bloody Run." It was here that our men were led into ambush, on making a sortie from the Fort, and which led to a result not much unlike the slaughter of the troops who some weeks back, marching to relieve Agra, fell into an ambush. I endeavoured to find out the position of the Fort, and I learn that Fort Street passed through it, and its site was between Cass and Wayne Streets, not far, indeed, from the residence of General Cass. The last remnant of it was taken away in 1830, and all traces of it have disappeared. I do believe that the Detroit people are among the most courteous in the Union. Does this characteristic arise from the influence of the early French settlers? Be it as it may, there is everything in Detroit to put the traveller in good humour. Among other benefits, the municipal regulations are something more than a *lex scripta*. Unlike those of Toronto, they are enforced, and a cabman is not only content to take a quarter-dollar, when that sum is his fare, but thanks you for paying him; and if you require

a little information, will actually give it. When shall we attain to such a happy state of things, in what a Florida man once described to me as "the Northern settlements of Lake Ontario?" The time for passing from Detroit to Chicago has lately been extended, and the time-tables which give instructions to the *employés* of the road, assign as a reason for the change, that there is a desire to lessen the wear and tear both on the line and on the plant. Hence the journey is somewhat tedious, being fourteen hours; for you leave at half-past ten in the morning, and arrive at midnight. The track, however, is very smooth, and parties are scattered over the line keeping it in repair. I may as well mention that I am informed that considerable attention has been paid by the officers of the road to the improvement of the permanent way. It is, perhaps, necessary to explain that one of the great defects on a line, is the sinking of the joints where the two bars meet, and where the evil is allowed to remain unremedied, the line soon becomes rough and disagreeable to travel over. Hence the many various patterns of chairs, and the closer distribution of ties in the neighbourhood of the joints. On the Michigan Central a plan has been adopted, which assumed something more than the phase of an experiment, but which has been abandoned, as the benefits derived did not satisfy the expectations based on the expense. No harm, however, resulted, and like the chip in porridge, which, provided it be clean, is harmless, so in this case, no injury has been done; and a negative good has been achieved, in the proof that no benefit is to be derived from the system. The plan I allude to is, to place under the joints a piece of hardwood, eight feet long by two inches thick and fifteen inches wide, sinking the ties on which it rests, so that this plate of wood lies on the ties immediately under the rail. The fairest possible trial has been given to it, and the result is as I have said.

It was a cold, sharp morning, when I stepped out of the hotel into

the heart of Chicago, and the scene was one full of liveliness and animation. I had not gone one hundred yards before I was struck with a peculiarity in the strange difference of level of the footpaths. I found myself constantly ascending and descending steps. Without explanation it would appear to be an absurd attention to individual caprice, at the expense of the popular convenience, whereas the very opposite is the case, and nowhere can be found a greater example of good municipal government, conducted, too, with a courage setting at defiance all influences, and looking entirely for support to good sense, and to those sober second thoughts which in the end generally prevail. Chicago naturally is but a trifle above the level of Lake Michigan, which even now is rising annually. It varies from 6 feet to 17 feet higher, and some of the main avenues are on the lowest level. Thus the system of sewerage could be but ill carried out, unless the grade of such streets were placed at a higher level. But the difficulty existed, that in the earliest annals of this wonderful place—for with barely the existence of a quarter of a century, it has now 110,000 inhabitants—costly buildings were put up at a level which would be affected by any change of grade. Some few of them might possibly be raised; on the other hand, there were others of so expensive a character as to be beyond that remedy. Still there was the improvement called for, and common sense pointed out that without drainage there could be no health. Higher grades were accordingly determined on and the streets raised, that is, the centre of the road, while the footpaths were kept to the old level, retaining walls being built to the sides of the carriage-way to keep it from falling outwards. As new buildings are put up the new level is given; but as the old ones keep to the original side walk, these strange inequalities exist, and the footpaths present the appearance I describe. A few years will lead to conformity, and then the wisdom of the present measures will be appreciated. I have mentioned the population of Chicago, and the ques-

tion follows, is it a city? I am hardly prepared after but a few hours' stay here to answer the question myself. The term city means much. It is not simply a commercial centre, but there must be found all the combination and power which can influence the politics, the tone, the feelings, and the habits of the territory tributary to it. From a metropolis must emanate a literature, if not rich in thought, at least original and written with power, to be worthy of the name. There must exist circles where are found none but polished manners and that exquisite refinement which never even accidentally pains. There, too, is the type of good-breeding, of dress and conversation, and of all on which we base our social ethics. No man of common sense in Chicago, who has been, I will not say to Europe, but simply to Boston, New York or Philadelphia, and at a venture I add New Orleans, would deny this proposition abstractedly. Applying it to Chicago, what would be his reply? I think that we might make a compromise and agree to say that Chicago is a western city. To my mind the very term is suggestive. Commercially there are few points more marked. Eleven railways centre there. It is the head of Lake navigation—of those large inland waters which we in Canada have done so much to develop; and to perfect which, effort after effort is yet imperatively called for. It is the one great point on the high road from the seaboard to the West, and from the West to the North. It is the ruling market in western commercial operations. It follows necessarily that there is much wealth, much hospitality, great display, and lavish living. But here we stop. Everybody knows everybody. The Press, although marked by energy and ability, is unknown out of the state of Illinois. The two theatres are notable enough edifices—the new one especially—but neither is sufficiently lighted, while the acting is what one would not walk across the street to see; for there is no censorship, no criticism upon it: no inducements for merit to be diligent. Literature there is none; and to speak of social results, no doubt there are happy homes

in Chicago where charming and refined women can be met, who have thought some education to be necessary ; but their influence is confined to those who have the happiness to enjoy their society. Politics we would even discard from our calculation ; for the very spirit of the United States' institutions is in opposition to anything like centralization, but the public opinion of a city of 100,000 inhabitants ought in any case to have weight. Has it in this instance ? Perhaps it may be said that this mode of treating the question is hardly fair. Nevertheless, it so strikes my mind. Otherwise, I will admit the undoubted splendor of many of the public buildings, although æsthetically they might be closely criticised. But architecture is hardly yet a fine art on this continent. There is often a great deal of cleverness and originality displayed ; but the fault is that the designers have not been subjected to the discipline of study, and, therefore, fail to observe those strict cardinal points of outline, proportion, and composition which can never be violated. For a building to be unlike anything else is not necessarily a triumph of art. It is now many centuries since the first temples were fashioned into form ; and it is hardly reasonable to expect that a young man who does not give himself the trouble to study, can be acquainted with the principles which only by slow degrees are evolved, and which it requires ages to mould into rule. These words, which I have made as few as possible, may appear a digression, but I could not otherwise explain my meaning ; for while I recognize many noble edifices here, there is nearly in all the fault which I point out. Perhaps the most striking terrace is a row of houses with a front of white marble on the Michigan Avenue, which, commanding the front of the lake, is the grand promenade—the *Paseo* of Chicago, and is the fashionable street, or what perhaps is the same thing, is inhabited by the wealthy operators of the place. An old friend whom I had the good fortune to meet here, pointed out houses to me and stated the rents, which, if I had to pay, I should shudder at ; and he

told me the prices of land, which, in my simplicity, I deemed fabulous. Fancy one living on sixty or seventy feet of frontage, worth \$400 the lineal foot, and as the legal interest in Illinois is 10 per cent., you would pay for ground rent \$2800 without having more than a yard twelve feet square. We have hitherto considered rents excessive in Toronto, but a house which—according to the rates of a year back—would be worth with us from \$400 to \$500, here obtains \$1400 or \$1500; and a wooden frame house which would be worth only \$160 or \$170, is here worth from \$400 to \$600. Wabash Avenue, which is parallel to Michigan Avenue, struggles with it for supremacy, and I was shown a house, with a stone front certainly, but with but one window to the front room on the ground floor, while the other remaining three stories consisted of two windows each, of which the rent was \$1600. The rents of stores are equally enormous. Buildings are still going up all over the city; some of these have iron fronts, and are marked by much architectural pretension. When painted they admirably resemble stone, and are striking buildings. How they would be affected by fire remains to be seen, for the system is yet only an experiment; although I cannot but think the effect of great heat would so seriously warp and twist the metal as to render restoration necessary.

Everywhere you hear of the bad times, but the people accept them with resignation, for they seem to live just as fast as usual. When I visited the theatres both were crowded, and a linendraper's store selling off bargains in some wonderful way, is thronged at all hours. Perhaps the crisis is looked upon after all as one of those calamities which are necessary in the mercantile as well as in the physical and moral world—which give some pain and cause some suffering, but which chasten and improve. I am told that it has long been felt here, that in that property which is considered peculiarly to represent money, there was much that was fictitious, and that much of the extravagance

and recklessness in commercial circles was attributable to this feeling. A shock like the present could but have its sobering influence, and it is considered that by next spring there will be a sounder state of public opinion. Doubtless many houses have been brought down simply by the panic, and it is fair to expect that these will resume operations without loss of credit. But the mere things of straw have passed away, it is to be hoped never to re-arise.

I wish to bring under your notice the conduct of the telegraph operators at the main office, in Chicago—so that the Press of that city may insist on some alteration in the transmission of messages. A telegram (I presume that word is now orthodox) dated Friday, never reached me until Saturday evening, and I should not have then obtained it, but I went myself to the main office in Lassalle Street. There the first thing I saw was the telegram directed to me. But the party attending took it as a matter of course that it had not been delivered—and seemed to think the delay a trifle. It happens that there is a telegraphic office in the hotel where I stayed, and it was from there I sent my communication. Three times did I go for an answer, and the operator at the hotel was good enough to send a message, asking if there was a reply to mine—so my address could not but be known. Negligence like this deserves no light reprehension. I may add, personally I suffered but trifling annoyance, and I mention the fact only in the interest of the travelling public. Perhaps the manager will see nothing extraordinary in the conduct of his subordinate, if so, I commend him to the tender mercies of the Chicago press.

I may mention that there is a great scarcity of specie here, and in every store you enter the shopman begrudges to give you change. It is somewhat gratifying to have to state that Canada notes are in great repute throughout the Western country, and are worth from three to

five per cent. premium. I shall in my next communication attempt to enter into the consideration of the Western business so far as it affects Canada, and particularly Toronto; this communication has already reached such a length that I must defer that subject until to-morrow. Before I conclude, I must put to paper an anecdote of a young Englishman travelling here, who, like all men from the other side, must think that he has come among a knot of fools. My informant had the remark made to him and pointed out the utterer. As I looked upon him I sighed that our friend C. D. S. was not there with his pencil to perpetuate the likeness. The subject is worthy of *Punch*, and I commend it to the satirist. Fancy a little man with glasses, who had come out without so much as a gun-wad, saying to an experienced sportsman of twenty years' standing—"why you see, don't you know, Chicago is very well, and all that sort of thing, but I am stunningly disappointed, you see. Why, I thought, you know, to find buffalo within ten hours of New York, but here I am out here, and I find, biggod, that there are no buffalo within 1,500 miles. What a bore! There is no Railway to get there, and I have got, you see, to abandon the idea of all my sport." When will Englishmen cease to be snobs?

THE WESTERN STATES—TRADE WITH CANADA.

CHICAGO, 17th Nov., 1857.

The geographical position of Chicago, which constitutes it the centre of the North Western trade, throws it likewise no little into connection with Canada. But we question much if the advantages we possess in this respect are developed to their full extent. Indeed, much of the trade has come to us, rather as a matter of course, than from having been fostered, and certainly if we fail to meet the emergencies which undoubtedly exist, by wise and necessary provisions, no little of this trade will pass from our hands. The policy entailed upon us will, perhaps, be best seen by entering into an analysis of what the trade of Chicago consists. By these means the causes which retard its extension with us will appear, and, although some of these are beyond our control, and can be remedied or removed only by the United States Federal Government, those which lie within our power are neither few nor unimportant. Turning to the last three years, we find that the aggregate of shipments from this market is as follows :—

	WHEAT.	INDIAN CORN.	OATS.
	60 lbs. to bushel.	56 lbs. to bushel.	32 lbs. to bushel.
1854	6,650,480	6,696,054	2,959,715
1855	5,719,168	7,439,250	1,821,435
1856	8,114,353	11,709,490	1,949,431

Of this quantity, the following was sent to the British Provinces in British vessels :—

	WHEAT.	INDIAN CORN.
1854	34,584	23,750
1855	402,780	139,802
1856	566,885	334,817

It is not important, so far as Canada is concerned, to go later back than these three years, for it is in that period that the trade has been established, dating, in fact, from the passing of the Reciprocity Act in 1855, for, while in 1854 five British vessels only arrived at Chicago, in 1855 there were 77, and in 1856, 110, and this season, when, during the panic, there was a temporary lull in grain operations, at one time not a shipment would have been made but for those done on Canadian account. Latterly, however, the sales have been made for the East as usual. It is evident, therefore, that the staple exports of Chicago will ever be cereals and provisions, while the imports will be those necessary articles of consumption which rank among the necessities of life. What the latter are in amount cannot possibly be stated, as merchants purchase at the sea-board, paying duties for them there, and the carrying trade, as such, furnishes no data. The item Canada has furnished is what must be for ever an essential to existence in a prairie country where timber is distributed only at rare intervals—lumber, which enters free ; and last year no less than 450,000,000 feet board measure, were imported into Chicago, against 300,000,000 feet the preceding year, and 220,000,000 in 1854. Of this quantity Canada furnished but 17,000,000 in 1856 ; but it may be said that manufacturers have not quite understood the market, although now they are perfectly acquainted with the size and quality needed. Accordingly, it has happened that they have been disappointed in their prices, but this fact is traceable to the circumstance of the best lumber having

been sent to Albany, while the inferior only was forwarded to the West. It may be worth recording, that lumber from the lower part of Lake Ontario has lately been sent to Fort Leavenworth, not far short of the distance from Quebec to Liverpool, namely, by the lakes to Chicago—from thence, by the Illinois Canal, to the Illinois River, and down to St. Louis—and again, from St. Louis up the Missouri. Salt has also been forwarded from the Province, but I learn that the western market is perfectly overstocked, and that there is enough in Chicago for three years' consumption, the price being down to 35 cents. Another item of trade by the St. Lawrence has been Scotch iron. But, although this iron holds its own, there is a disposition to support the Ohio trade, and hence the demand is not great. There is, however, one article of import in which one would have thought that the Lower Provinces would have successfully competed with New York, and that is fish. The imports, however, are not in themselves great, owing to the white fish of the lakes supplying its place. Indeed, the latter already, to some trifling extent, have become an article of export. What salt-water fish, however, is imported, comes from New York packers, who undersell the parties from whom they purchase—their practice being to re-pack the fish in New York to such advantage that they reduce the price. This difficulty is certainly one that could easily be met, and the agent of any Canadian merchant embarking in this branch of trade, would, by a little tact and management, regain the natural ascendancy which in this respect the shipper by the St. Lawrence must possess. But here the list stops. What further imports the Chicago merchant requires, owing to the strict application of the coasting laws of the United States, must be obtained at her own seaboard. It is true that an effort has been made to establish a direct trade between Europe and the West, and the passage of the "Dean Richmond" from Chicago to Liverpool is fresh in every one's memory. But the general opinion undoubtedly is, that it will not be repeated; for it is found

that the difficulties of lake navigation so control the build of the vessel that it is not fit for ocean navigation. The St. Clair Flats, the limited size of the locks on the Welland Canal, the frequent want of water at the mouth of the Beauharnois Canal, establish too narrow a limit for the shipwright. It is true that the difficulty is attempted to be met by a false keel or centreboard; but this has been found to be very objectionable in the heavy swell of the ocean. Independently of all this, there is great difficulty in getting either cargo or vessel insured, from the fact of the latter not being ranked at Lloyd's. And I cannot do better at this point of my remarks than allude to the necessity of a change in the Admiralty laws as they bear on our lake navigation.

It is very evident that if a direct trade is to be encouraged between the lakes and ocean ports, facilities must be given to obtain insurance; and some arrangement ought at once to be made as a necessary preliminary to this important matter, to obtain for the vessel a recognition at Lloyd's, under a special enactment by an Admiralty agent living in this country. But, perhaps, the more serious question is one with which our own Legislature can grapple, and that is the utter want of power to attach a vessel for wrong committed by her, or for debt incurred in her service. This can only be remedied by an Admiralty Court, to adjudicate on questions affecting our lake marine. At present, the proprietor of a vessel fails, and the crew are in no better position than any other creditor. The result is, that Canadian vessels are often attached in the United States ports. An action is even now being carried on at Chicago. The owners are bankrupts. The crew know that, on their return to Canada, they have no claim on the vessel, whereas by the United States Admiralty laws in the United States ports, there is a lien on the vessel for wages. Thus we have the disgrace of seeing a British crew, on a contract entered into in a British port, suing in an United States court of law the owner of a British vessel, who himself

is in British territory. I am told that the American judges dislike these cases, and would willingly refer them to our own courts; but the plea is at once urged that justice can only be obtained by the course the plaintiffs are pursuing, and thus placed, the judges, although unwilling to interfere, cannot decline to adjudicate. Let me dwell with some force on the necessity of legislation in this respect. Indeed, I am sure that those who have turned their attention to the development of our resources, will recognise the propriety of protecting the crews who labour on our inland waters; not to do so will be to perpetuate a disgraceful anomaly, which will work injury to all concerned.

Such legislation is the more necessary when we remember what Canada has been striving to possess. Evidently two routes are open to Chicago to forward grain to Europe; the one by the Illinois canal and the Illinois River to the Mississippi, and thence to New Orleans; the second by the lakes. The former, however, admits only of vessels of limited draught, and the route is long and tedious, the distance from St. Louis alone to New Orleans being 1247 miles. The second route follows the lakes only for a limited distance, and thence branches off in two lines—the one by the Erie Canal at Buffalo, and thence to New York; the other by the Welland Canal to Lake Ontario, and thence by the St. Lawrence and the Canals to Montreal. There is no occasion to describe these routes, and it is only necessary to say that grain shipped from Lake Michigan has, on the average, been laid down about 55 per cent. cheaper at Montreal than at New York, and that the slowest mode and the lowest cost of transport to the latter takes no more time than the fastest to New York. Generally, it may be said that there is a difference of ten days, and that the boats on the St. Lawrence are five times the capacity of those on the Erie Canal, carrying 15,000 bushels of wheat. It is at Montreal that the difficulties begin. Vessels are

not to be found, hence freight is high. Undue delays follow, high insurance is exacted, and thus every advantage is counterbalanced. The Hon. John Young, of Montreal, who has paid more attention to this subject than any man of his day, and who may be described as the founder of the trade, estimates the freight to be double the cost from Montreal to Europe, to what it is from New York. Evidently, it will be seen that the fault lies, not in the lakes, but in the circumstances affecting the ocean navigation. That such is the case generally may be said, but we must be careful in drawing the inference that the lake navigation is perfect, for improvements are needed there, as we will presently endeavour to shew. The main difficulty, however, is found in the limited quantity of freight to the St. Lawrence. The Toronto trade, like that of the Western States, has hitherto passed through the Eastern States from the American seaboard; but that the ocean steamers and the Grand Trunk Railway will modify this custom, every mercantile man will admit so far as Western Canada is concerned; for there is not a shadow of preference, as I can understand, by the States route. The ocean steamers make their trips with despatch, are safe, the rates of insurance are not high, and forty-eight hours after the goods are landed at Quebec they can be delivered at the importer's door. But in the Western States, although the route is preferable, although time and money are saved, although the Western merchant with all his national prepossessions looks upon the St. Lawrence as peculiarly his maritime highway, he is driven to the markets of Boston and New York for his imports. It must be evident that if these imports came by the St. Lawrence there would be bottoms sufficient for every ear of grain from the West, and the exports of the next fifteen years are estimated to reach two hundred million bushels of wheat. Were this state of things realised, what would not Montreal and Toronto become? But the Treasury regulations of the United States Government stare us in the face, so that while at the seaboard, goods pay

duty on the market value in the country from whence they are imported, in inland ports goods passing through Canada in bond are valued at the market rate of the cities of the Province, and pay duty accordingly. Thus we will suppose a branch English house established in Montreal and Toronto taking orders for the Chicago market. The goods would be made up so that they came through Canada in bond, but the *bona fide* face of the invoice would have little influence on the Customs' department at Chicago. The officers there would refer to the regulations established by the Treasury. These are to the effect that there must be no unreasonable delay in the goods being forwarded, or if there be detention, the cause must be shown and identity established. Neither can ownership have changed in Canada, and when assessed the value must be determined by the markets of Canada. Here is prohibition at once, and it can only be removed by the most liberal interpretation of the principles of Free Trade. Still, with all this, I do believe that something might be done to obtain a share of this trade. Could not our own Government make some special provision to meet it? I do not allude to the doctrine of some Montreal merchants, that the trade of the St. Lawrence should be encouraged by a tax on imports by the United States. Indeed, such a policy would amount to very little, for the Grand Trunk Railway has destroyed the importance which the route formerly possessed. What I mean is, by negotiation with the United States Government, to have goods purchased in Canada, assessed on the principle at which goods are valued at the seaboard. That is, to make Chicago a port equal in all respects to New York. There is the whole Western interest to sustain the effort, and at least it is worth making. That Canada is naturally the highway to the West, even from Boston, is proved by the significant fact that flour, which has hitherto passed over the New York Central Railroad, is now taken by the Great Western and the Grand Trunk Railways. In the three weeks constituting the end of October and the

beginning of November, 13,000 barrels of flour and 260 of beef were forwarded through our national Railway to Boston; 1,500 barrels of flour in this time going to Montreal; while by the New York Central 1,500 barrels of flour only went to Boston, and 1,000 to stations on the New York Central and in Massachusetts, 1,500 going to New York. Nowhere more than at Chicago is the Victoria Bridge appreciated, nowhere more than in the West are its puny assailants held in just contempt. The freight of a barrel of flour from Chicago to Boston is to-day \$1.65, but it is anticipated to be raised to \$1.80 or \$1.90.

Returning for the moment to the Lake navigation, it is evident that the Province has something more to do than to contemplate its past labours, and to listen to the admirable condition of the route. But this is no exception to the rule, that panaceas proposed in these circumstances are not unexceptionable. First stands the project of the Lake Huron Canal from Toronto, and there is great interest felt in Chicago about it. Undoubtedly it would shorten the route, and would carry all the trade. But is it practicable? Admitting that it were so, under any circumstances could it be made to pay? To my mind no argument exists that the Province should embark in an unproductive work of this character, unless, what it has never been our fate to possess, with a plethoric treasury. Even its strongest advocates at Chicago do not treat it as a paying project—they argue on the dignity and duties of governments, and how necessary it is for governments to undertake national works. Not long back parties from Toronto went to Chicago to advocate the claims of the project. It is reported to me that not \$5,000 were subscribed, and the whole affair is regarded in the West as one of those desirable schemes which will never be realized. My own idea is that if the West did embark in an enterprise of this character, they would turn in another direction, and take a Canal from Lake Michigan across the State of Michigan to Lake Erie, which, in

an engineering point of view, I think is a far more feasible project. But what the Canadian Government has to do, is to enlarge the locks of the Welland Canal to the size of the St. Lawrence Canals, and to improve as much as possible the St. Clair Flats, I was almost adding, the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, but that is indeed a formidable work. I am aware that the Board of Works' Engineers have estimated it variously at £10,000 and £20,000, but the Commissioners treated this estimate as being under what it would cost, and the examination of Colonel DeRaasloff plainly pointed out what in reality it would be. Paramount, however, is the enlargement of the Welland Locks, for if this fail to be done, a canal will be constructed round the Falls on the American side, which will direct trade to Buffalo which now leaves it. Such a proceeding would have only the effect of diminishing the revenue of our Public Works, and would be a more severe blow than many imagine to the navigation of our inland waters, and every step ought to be taken to prevent its consummation.

I have endeavoured to touch, so far as I am able, on many points, which are so important that they cannot be ignored. Every advantage in our Western trade has to be battled for. And we shall not succeed in our efforts if we approach the subject in any limited view. Canada must forget her geographical distinctions. I cannot see, now that the route through the Province presents as many advantages as the old route through the States, that there is any non-identity of interest between Montreal and Toronto. Some three or four years back there were parties who affected to treat the Victoria Bridge as a Montreal project. The very contrary is the fact. For there is not a village from Lachine to the Falls of St. Anthony, which is not identified with this "two miles of Railway." Nowhere more than in Toronto is the advantage felt, for Portland is as much the harbour of the latter as the former. If then we are to develop our commerce, let us do so in no mean or niggardly

spirit. What benefits the East, improves and revivifies the West. Literally we have not one ground of contention. We have no dreadful difficulty like that of slavery; no commercial restrictions. Daily we are more assimilating, daily becoming more forbearing and tolerant, in spite of the demagogues who for their own advancement would create religious discord. In a generation we may look for many changes, and among them, as not the least, for a Canadian code of law, applying to the whole Province, retaining what is good in French and what is desirable in English law. The subject is one worthy of the highest intellect, and it seems to me that events are tending to enforce this proceeding. Personally I know that the members of the present Government have given much attention to the subject, and that they think such a composite code far from visionary. Will it be consummated in our time? Whether or no, the work is there to be done, and done it will be. For the present, however, the mission of "the coming man" is to improve and develope our commerce.

THE WESTERN STATES.—ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

ON BOARD STEAMER "ST. NICHOLAS,"

20th November, 1857.

The route from Chicago to St. Louis presents the one extraordinary feature of a prairie country. For miles the eye rests on a plain, with occasional tufts of trees, which in instances extends to the horizon, in a line broken only by slight undulations. In spots cultivation shows that settlement is working its fruits, and every few miles we come to dreary villages, without a tree, surrounded by the landscape of nothingness which such a scene presents. Springfield, the capital of the State, is a trifle south of the point where the wooded country commences, and from thence to Alton there is a rolling contour to the entrance of the town, where there are considerable quarries. Originally the Chicago railway transposed its passengers to boats, but owing to the shallow water between Alton and St. Louis, there was much annoyance and detention of passengers; and much to my disappointment we passed along the Terre Haute railway to Illinois City, a village opposite St. Louis. By the water one would have seen the junction of the Missouri with the Mississippi, which mingle some seventeen miles above St. Louis, and the country itself has some striking features. At Alton bituminous coal is found near to the town, and on entering

it you see beds of what appear to me calcareous limestone, evidently quarried without difficulty. But after leaving Alton there is an insipidity of scenery for the next twenty miles, which tempts timid men to sleep. A ferry carries you over to St. Louis, and the first thought is one of surprise, that a city of its pretensions should have no better accommodation in this respect. But generally on the Mississippi the boats are not built for show. There are so many perils and delays attending the navigation, that comfort and safety take precedence of the embellishment which in an easier navigation comes into play. Of these, however, I will be better able to speak when I have gone through the six days' navigation to New Orleans. Already we have passed one first-class passenger steamer aground, where she has been twenty-four hours endeavouring to get off, and I am informed that it is possible that two days may elapse before she succeeds in doing so.

Although there was nothing particularly striking in the first appearance of St. Louis, I was prepossessed in its favour. Owing to the current, the line of steamboats which were moored there, lay with their sterns down stream; and the stores, in many instances, shewed the signs of age, which, under any circumstances, has a claim on our respect, however slight. Indeed, from the period when its founder, Mr. Laclede, first made choice of the site, calling it after the indolent pleasure-loving Louis Quinze, nearly two centuries have elapsed. Four times has St. Louis changed masters. From the French it passed to the Spaniard, to again become a French settlement, only to pass away from the Gaul to the Anglo-Saxon. But the Englishman has no share in the traditions of the spot beyond those desperate encounters which crimsoned the turbid waters of the Mississippi. For by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, that portion of Louisiana east of the Mississippi was only ceded, down to the mouth of the Bayou Iberville, following down the lakes to Mobile — the Mississippi, being the

boundary between the two countries, to be free to both. At the same time, by a secret treaty with Spain, the remainder of Louisiana was ceded to that power by France. Spanish colonial rule was in this case no exception to the terrible misgovernment which to this day marks that power, and it is impossible to conceive greater fatuity than that which characterized the government of Morales the intendant, during the twenty years which he held power, until 1802, when the King of Spain ceded Louisiana to Bonaparte, then First-Consul, who, in return for the cession, placed the Prince of Parma, the king's son-in-law, on the throne of Tuscany. But finding it impossible to embark an army for its protection, assembled by him in Holland, owing to the presence of the English cruisers, he made an offer of the transfer of the territory to the United States, which was consummated in 1803, the United States government paying eighty millions of dollars, twenty millions of which were deducted for injuries inflicted by the French on American commerce. The result has been a most extraordinary complication of land titles, which originate from the three sources of the French, Spanish and American governments. In some instances the titles are combined, and as land was then worthless, much of it was suffered to lie idle until improvement made it of value. Perhaps from this cause more litigation has arisen here than elsewhere, and the result is that much talent has been put forth to meet the emergency; and the tribunals, forced to make decisions, have met the difficulty by the establishment of principles of wide application, which might be everywhere advantageously studied.

The present city can scarcely fail to impress a stranger on landing at it, although as he looks upon the *levee*, with its natural bank of earth, he somewhat wonders that measures are not taken to construct a revetment wall along it. Equally does it strike him as extraordinary, that the sewers should discharge their filth in open drains, which in

the summer must poison the atmosphere. Owing to its geographical site—the city being built on the extrados of a curve of the river—and the dykes which are thrown up on the east bank to turn the stream to the opposite shore, the water is deep within ten feet of the water's edge, and steamers lie close in, there being no wharf to accommodate them, except a floating lighter. The *levee*, however, is paved, and you advance up its incline to the broad, wide street, full of the movement which attends a busy population. Although most of the traces of the French rule have passed away, one now and then drops upon a prim-looking stone house, with its high dormer windows and its green *jalousies*, with its architraved porch, and its *perron* of steps, reminding you of the structures still to be seen in numbers in the Montreal suburbs, and in the Lower Canadian villages—a sure sign of the presence of a lawyer or doctor. But they are now of rare occurrence in St. Louis; and as I strolled about, looking for the old residences of the first settlers, I was disappointed to find that they were so seldom to be met with. But in the front street there are many old buildings betokening age, and one feels that the city is somewhat more than one of those western creations which seem to have arisen by enchantment. Perhaps the traveller from New England would call the streets narrow, thinking of those terribly wide thoroughfares of his native village, for the city is compactly built. The main street is the great wholesale business street, and the continual passage of loaded vehicles in this instance certainly would make it appear that it would be the better to be widened. Fourth Street, however, which is the fashionable promenade of the place, is a wide and noble street, and the shops present a variety of wares, which is, perhaps, not seen in six other cities on the Continent. At one point is the Court-house, a Grecian Doric building, on which they are now constructing a dome, which, to my poor mind, will only have the effect of disfiguring it. It has cost, I learn, a great deal of money, but there has been a strange economy in the entabla-

ture, the frieze being of brick, while the triglyphs are of stone ; even now the paint is exfoliating in places, showing the brick beneath. The new Custom House, which is in course of erection, promises to be a noble edifice, of Roman Corinthian, the portico being hexastile, constructed on an arched arcade. It will, I suppose, wound the self-love of the St. Louis patriot, if I say that the building is nearly the only one one would care to remember. The High School, the Hospital, the Presbyterian Church, and the Catholic Church have cost a great deal of money, but there is much to criticise in them. I must, however, except the interior of the Exchange, which is decorated with frescos, executed with taste and with correct drawing. A curious advertisement is placed here, which at least has the merit of novelty. In one part of the hall is a full-length portrait, as large as life, of evidently a miller. He stands there with his hand on a barrel, on which is prominently marked a flour-brand. In the foreground other brands are detailed, and in the rear is the name of the miller, and I presume a sketch of his residence. I thought that this represented one of the early merchants of St. Louis, that possibly he had built the Exchange, and that a grateful remembrance had dictated this monument of his worth. But it seems that the original was a busy, active flour merchant, and had placed the picture there himself, so that his merits and his flour might be known. Throughout St. Louis there is what is wanting in Chicago—the air of a city. It is not a wide scattered place, but well built, closely and connectedly. There is perhaps no Michigan or Wabash Avenue, but there is what is better—substantial houses, and streets branching off from the main streets, with shops containing all one would need. Some attempts are, however, now being made by people of wealth to form a fashionable neighbourhood in Lucas Place, and many buildings have been constructed of striking appearance. Broadway, on the other hand, is a long street of low houses, with a market in the centre, but the whole street is one market,

and, although wide, the carriage-way is cumbered with vehicles, at least half of which are drawn by mules. The market is old and dilapidated, and shortly must be removed : but a brick one is in course of completion near the northern end. There are two theatres here ; and I wish to say a word of what appears to me to be the faults of construction which mark American theatres. I would predicate them on the circumstance that both at the Chicago and St. Louis Theatres, although only on the seventh seat, I could not hear a word that was said. What struck me as remarkable was that the playgoers would submit to it ; but there the audience sat in most perfect good humour, and I am sure that to one-third of them the play must have been perfect dumb show. Instead of having the boxes of ordinary depth, and partitioned off from the lobby, which, by every doctrine of acoustics, would give an echo to the voice, and keep its sound within its natural limits, the seats are carried back to the farthest possible verge, and being in no way protected from the lobby, the voice of the actor is so attenuated that its sound cannot be heard. Yet every new theatre is built on this plan. I mention the fact here, as I consider that the time is not far distant when a new theatre will be built in Toronto, and it is to be hoped that this absurd system will not be introduced.

There are few indications in St. Louis that the traveller is in a Slave State. The servants in the hotels are white, few negroes are seen in the streets, and there is no one peculiarity to note as remarkable in this regard. I am informed that slave labour is not in request in the city, for owing to its proximity to Illinois, a slave could cross the river any night and be free. For there is in Illinois a strong anti-slavery party, ever ready to assist the slave, and to pass him onward to Canada. Generally, also, the inhabitants are from the Eastern States, and their prejudices are not in favour of slavery. Independently of this, the

geographical position of the State of Missouri does not make slavery a necessity, as is affirmed of the more southern cotton and sugar-growing countries. Doubtless, had it not been for the absurd and insincere agitation of the North, Missouri would long ago have passed laws for gradual abolition, but now it has become a point of honour to stand by the institution. There would have been little difficulty in bringing about such a consummation, for the population of the State is about one million, with only 100,000 slaves ; while in the city of St. Louis there are only 4000, with a population of 150,000. Perhaps out of St. Louis not 10,000 could be found to vote for abolition in any form. It cannot be, but a matter of regret that the North has taken the extreme view which it has done. I do not here give any opinion of slavery in itself, for I know nothing of it, but one must admit, that there has been on the part of the abolitionists nothing but declamation and abuse. Had the agitation been sincere, there would have been some offer of compensation, some prospect of aid, some practical scheme which would relieve and assist the slave-owner from any loss resulting from abolition. But we have heard only meaningless talk of the higher law, which is itself as an argument, vicious. The whole theory of statesmanship recognizes as equally binding another law—that of man, which must be held inviolate, so long as it is an enactment. If wrong, the remedy lies in its repeal by compensating any existing interests which it may destroy. It is evident, therefore, that property, be it of what kind it may, acquired by consent of law, must be held with that law sacred, and that it cannot be destroyed without an equivalent. If the abolitionists came forward and proposed to tax each State or the Federal Exchequer by special loan, valuing the property of each slave owner, and proposing some gentle, gradual, self-educating plan of freedom, there cannot be a doubt, that in a quarter of a century only the extreme Southern States would retain slaves, and how public opinion would operate on them is an open question. But the

movement has been generally made by politicians who have lived on the agitation, and although there are many sincere zealous men who thus think, the conduct of the party would lead a traveller to believe that they rather wished to perpetuate the grievance than solve the difficult problem of its settlement.

This line of policy has been visible in Kansas, which, situated to the west of Missouri, the Southerner claimed as being territory fit for similar institutions. Geographically speaking, there is much in the argument that it formed part of the territory of Louisiana ceded by Napoleon, and that it should be subjected to the institutions which then prevailed. On the other hand there is the cardinal doctrine of the United States government that each State should frame its own laws. Here was a fertile topic for discussion, and politicians were not likely to let it slip, and for several months we have heard long stories of border wars and internecine quarrels which politicians fomented and exaggerated. Had the question been left to the settlers—many of them certainly reckless and desperate men by all accounts—the good sense which marks the American people under all circumstances would have determined the result. Naturally it was to be expected in the settlement of the question there would be heartburning and vituperation, but left to themselves those affected by it would have voted with calmness. During this month a constitution has been adopted. It is not long, containing but 14 sections, and will doubtless be brought up next session at Washington, not, however, without warm debate and much recrimination. The difficulty lies in clauses the 8th and 14th. By these it is enacted that when the constitution is submitted for ratification to the inhabitants, the votes shall be taken, Constitution with Slavery and Constitution without Slavery, and that by this decision the State shall be governed. The latter clause provides that the constitution may be amended in 1864, but that no alteration shall be

made affecting the slave clause. This certainly settles the matter for ever, and whatever the decision may be, it is certain that offence will be given either to the North or the South. What the result will prove seems difficult to foretell. One report is, that the anti-slave party will hold back from the desire of keeping the agitation open for the next Presidential election. Another avers that even Southern settlers are anxious for a free state, and no two people agree as to the influences which are active or the probabilities which are well founded. The legislature, however, is essentially free-soil, owing to the interference of Governor Walker. Great frauds were committed at the polls by the pro-slavery party, and the Governor, exercising the power placed in him, rejected votes so given, and the result has been to change the character of the legislature. I am informed, however, that for the last twelve months the Missourians have refrained from all interference, and have little sympathy with either party. They appear indifferent to the result.

These questions are, after all, but little bound up with St. Louis interests, which is the depot of all the western and north-western country, dividing with Chicago the advantages of being its magazine. What the business men of St. Louis wish to see is, this territory prosperously settled, and provided it be attained they do not care what institutions prevail. I do not think that St. Louis has much direct European trade. Its entire business connections are Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and Canada cannot hope, in any way, to be the highway for its carrying trade. From St. Louis the direct line is not through British territory, for in winter a barrel of flour would, at least, cost \$2 to pass along the Grand Trunk Railway to Boston; by the Mississippi and coasting vessels it could be carried for half the money; hence this region can in no way be made tributary to us; and Kansas must turn to St. Louis as its centre, either by the Missouri, or by the rail-

ways which are even now projected. Commercially, Canada has little interest in Kansas. On the other hand, the more northern State of Nebraska will look to Chicago, and, as I have already remarked, if we are true to ourselves, much of that trade must pass through the Province. There are three railways leading from St. Louis west of the Mississippi. On the eastern shore, communication can be had with the eastern portion of the Republic in all directions, there being direct routes to Chicago, to Cincinnati, to Louisville and Cairo. On the west, one railway passes to Jefferson City on the Missouri, one to North Missouri, and one to the Iron Mountain. I have seen some of the ore of this remarkable formation, which is about eighty miles south of the city. It is about 260 feet above the level of the country, and is estimated to contain over two hundred million tons of ore, which is found in lumps from the size of a crumb to masses weighing two or three hundredweight, and is gathered from the surface without difficulty. It is known as the specular oxide of iron, and contains over seventy per cent. of pure metal, and is free from all substances which interfere with its being worked. It is worthy to note that some borings have been made into the mountain, and the result has been in a distance of 140 feet—

15 feet clay and ore.

30 “ white sand stone } Possibly the Potsdam sandstone of our formation. I write at a guess.

33 “ blue porphyry.

53 “ fine iron ore.

Some idea of the trade of St. Louis may be obtained from the fact that the dry goods sold during 1856 amounted to \$12,500,000, and that the exports to New Orleans alone have considerably exceeded 3,000 barrels of flour a day for nine months.

Before closing my letter, I would wish, with great respect, to call the attention of the St. Louis press, which it is needless for me to say here is distinguished by all those qualities which give newspapers influence—to the conduct of the Post-office clerks. It has been my lot to meet many rude people, but these individuals are the most churlish who ever snubbed a traveller. I cannot think that I brought this upon myself, for I endeavoured to be studiously polite and courteous, but I could not get an answer from the fellows. If you called them to the box, they hardly stopped their promenade up and down, which they were continuing with their hands in their pockets, with a pertinacity I never saw equalled but by tameless wild beasts in a cage. And those that chewed were too indolent to open their teeth to allow their tongues to move. They answered by signs—and one melancholy man in the alphabet department, scowled out his brief words as if the whole of mankind were his enemies. When the mails came—when they were expected—what time letters took to arrive—what were the postal regulations—questions put by me with unexceptional tokens of respect, received no more attention than a very sharp word, which gave me no information. I complained of this to a friend, and his explanation was that the devils were all “Know-Nothings,” and that next year they would put them all out. If these gentry be a type of that party, reverently do I say Amen to the prognostication. I need scarcely dilate on the discredit which this line of conduct brings to a city of the character and pretensions of St. Louis, where civility is the rule and rudeness the exception. Well, perhaps these gentry are necessary to prove the old saying, that every quality has its opposite near to it. For while on all sides in St. Louis I experienced great kindness and attention, I was pestered when asking for my letters, as I have said. But I had the good sense not to get angry. They, it is true, were having their day—I knew that all I had to do was to bide my time and I would have mine.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

NEW ORLEANS, 27th Nov., 1857.

Any one would suppose from the length of the voyage (1300 miles) that the trip down the Mississippi would be particularly tedious and monotonous, and that its termination would be welcomed with more than usual satisfaction. Such was my impression, but I was told that it was precisely one of those excursions when people would endeavour to make themselves agreeable, for to all on the boat there was but one object : to get rid of time. My experience would confirm the remark ; for after the first two hours' stiffness had worn away, people who had never met before, and in all human probability will never meet again, put off all restraint, and seemed to be actuated by the one intention of being agreeable. Seven days were we on board, leaving on Friday at eleven o'clock, and arriving the following Thursday night at ten. This period in these days of steam gave the trip almost the dignity of an ocean voyage, and one might almost feel that he was passing from one country to another if he counted by the hour. From such an idea, however, he would be agreeably awakened, as he landed in New Orleans, without being subjected to the ordeal of a Custom House ; and the traveller could then begin to understand the magnitude of the American Republic.

The Mississippi navigation is peculiar, and the very structure of the vessels on its waters, and their mode of management differ from those of the lakes. The vessels on Lake Erie are generally low-pressure boats, with about 25lbs. pressure to the inch, whereas as I looked upon our steam guage, I saw it mark 185lbs. ; and the engineer told me that he would not hesitate, were it a matter of necessity, to put on 210lbs. The mode of construction likewise differs. Those who have at all visited the Lake boats may recollect how compactly the machinery is constructed in the engine room, and how apart from all interference it is kept, the paddles being moved by a shaft running transversely across the vessel. But the all-predominating question in a Mississippi boat is to obtain room for freight. A mere passenger boat on this river would be a poor speculation, indeed the length of the voyage is mainly caused by taking in freight. At good seasons of the year, I mean when there is plenty of water and the boat can pass from bend to bend of the river without skirting in the deep water, and where not an inch of distance is lost in the interminable windings of this monstrous water course, four days and a few hours would suffice, whereas our trip took very little short of seven. It is true that some allowance has to be made for the lowness of the water, and the perils, (I use the word advisedly) and difficulties of the navigation between St. Louis and Cairo ^{are} ~~are~~ caused by the shallowness of the stream. But the greater part of delays was occasioned by stopping for freight. The secret, then, of the difference of construction is its necessity—so that room can be economised, and space obtained for the numerous cotton bales which at one season of the year are passed in hundreds to New Orleans for shipment to Europe. Consequently no shaft is to be seen on these boats, and the paddles are moved directly by cranks from the piston rods ; hence there are two engines, each moving its crank ; the cylinders being twenty-six inches in diameter, with an eight-foot stroke. A distinct engine immediately behind the range of boilers pumps out the bilge

water and works the supply water, which, passing through heaters, goes warm into the boiler. Owing to the little draught of water which can be obtained there is but little hold—scarcely six feet in depth. The vessel on which I travelled drew but seven feet, and she was 285 feet long, and has taken, I am told, 150 cabin passengers, 400 deck passengers, and 1200 tons of freight. Thus the lower deck is but a few feet above the level of the stream, and is devoted to freight and to live stock. In the aft of the vessel there is an intermediate deck for emigrants above the lower one and beneath the saloon, and the passenger cabin extends nearly the whole length of the vessel, divided into berths, as in other cases, with the usual offices—the promenade or hurricane deck being again above that. These few words will doubtless make the architecture of the vessel understood. Generally the Mississippi navigation has obtained a bad name, and indeed, we are not surprised to hear of any accident on these waters, which include the Missouri, the Illinois and the Ohio. The vessels employed are all marked by the same characteristics, with this possible difference, that on some boats there is greater recklessness than on others. It may, however, be said that those vessels are most seaworthy which are employed immediately between St. Louis and New Orleans. One extraordinary feature, is the disregard of the danger of fire. The flues being all exposed, during a high wind the sparks are carried over the vessel, among the cotton bags, to an extent which leads nervous men to see on going to bed if their live-preserver is at hand. Stranger still, every one admits the danger and risk, but no steps are taken to remove them. Even during my trip, a vessel was burnt, the *Rainbow*, at 71 Island, 12 miles west of Napoleon, and thirty or forty persons were blown up or burnt. I do not mean to say that I have heard no sympathy for the sufferers, on the contrary, every one who has spoken of it has treated the calamity as dreadful in the extreme, but there is no surprise felt. How is this? It must not be forgotten that in this

trade a great many vessels are engaged. I am informed that 800 steamboats of all classes are employed in these Western waters, but what the precise per centage of loss is I cannot learn. The extent of the navigable waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries is, I believe, twenty-two thousand miles. But one fact is certain, that be the calamity what it may, the information is never suppressed. A register is kept both at New Orleans and St. Louis of every accident which happens, and at the end of the year the list is published, without shrinking in any way from a thorough detail of each disaster. No few of these casualties occur by fire, as I find, on referring to the list of last year, while many of the boats are destroyed from the bursting of the boilers. Doubtless the exposed condition of the boilers, which have been before alluded to, may be considered as one of the causes of this class of accidents, but undoubtedly the principal reason must be attributed to carelessness and mismanagement. In a navigation furnishing employment to so many, there must be no few not competent; and as, on one hand, first-class boats will pay the highest rate of wages to obtain responsible, sober men—so boats of less pretensions, in order to economize, frequently engage persons not only inexperienced, but devoid of that caution so essential when steam is in question. Abstractedly there is no more danger in a high than in a low-pressure engine, for the additional stress on the machinery can be calculated, and the emergency met by an increased thickness of boiler plate. When it is recollected how few accidents happen to locomotives, the proposition is proved. But there are a great many who become callous to risk, and who take all sorts of liberties with the machinery to obtain a rapid passage, and even then are careless and indifferent. Generally it may be said that every accident which occurs can be explained and accounted for, although in the investigations the facts do not come to the surface. Perhaps t'was in this view that a friend advised me before going on board a

Mississippi boat to insure my life for some \$20,000 or \$30,000 during the passage, and I must confess that I entertained the idea. But when at St. Louis, I made enquiries as to the boats, and I found that they were considered as safe as those on any other waters. The fact of it is, that there has been great improvement of late years in steam-boat captains. Generally, they are part owners. There is a law enforcing an inspection, and in proportion as a boat's officers are careful, so does the boat obtain business; and as steamers leave every day, there is much choice, not simply in the boat itself, but in the character of the master. Thus, as caution and good management tell in the receipts, they are at a premium. I myself can bear witness to the untiring zeal of Captain Dill, of the "Saint Nicholas," until he reached Cairo. There were soundings made every half mile, and in bad spots the boat crept along with extreme caution. The difficulty in the Mississippi navigation is that the channel is constantly varying. What this autumn is a spot requiring peculiar caution, may be totally changed by the spring freshets. It is hardly necessary to mention the peculiar character of the water, which holds constantly a great amount of argillaceous matter in solution, which it deposits as it passes onwards, or carries with itself, as its velocity may determine. Indeed it is evident that as it washes away the soft banks of the Missouri, bringing the trees which no longer can resist the destruction, that the matter cannot be carried to the seaboard. Hence there is a succession of new sand banks which can only be known at low water, and the pilots—generally to strangers a race of men disdaining all politeness—become in these circumstances peculiarly uncommunicative, and frown down upon you with a monosyllable, if you presume to address them. Certainly they had their work cut out during this trip, and perhaps the temper even of the best of us would have been tested under the circumstances. "This, Sir," said the Captain to me at one point of this navigation, "is called the grave-yard, from the

"number of vessels which have been lost here. There on the beach lie the remains of the 'Golden Gate' which went down a month ago. 'This passed we shall be out of danger.' On this information, as we were sailing along below this fatal spot, I ventured to congratulate one of the pilots that he had got through his trouble. "No, *sir-r-r-r*," was the reply, "every cross shoot is an experiment."

The scenery as you leave St. Louis, till indeed you approach upon Cairo at the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi, is striking in many parts. The rocks rise up in bold bluffs, and the bends of the river throw them into striking situations which would lead the sketcher to wish that he could use his pencil; and in some portions the summits of the rocks show the marks of water-wear, centuries ago, before they were raised to their present eminence, and one particular circular spot has obtained the name of the "Grand Tower," the wear of the stream having given it indeed that appearance. But at Cairo the scenery is changed, and we come to those low, swampy banks, which continue down nearly to Memphis. Of all dreary places, Cairo is the dreariest. Surrounded by a high *levée* to avoid the inundations, the few houses constituting the village lie literally in a hollow, and one would fancy that the temptation must be strong indeed which would lead one to pass his days there. But from being at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, it has become a place of importance, so that even the certainty of fever is forgotten amid other inducements, and one cannot but feel what Cairo might be if it were only fifty feet higher. As it is, it will never be more than one of those localities where a few years of life are passed in the hope of obtaining that age of ease to which we all look forward. This low flat scenery continues for miles—nor was the monotony relieved in greenness of foliage. Even to Vicksburgh the trees were as bare as they are in the swamps of Collingwood, and there was a cold, sharp wind on the hurricane deck,

which made it necessary for those who went there to move with rapidity to keep the blood in motion. Down from Memphis the scenery departed somewhat from those stern features which from Cairo they had presented, and instead of the bleak, monotonous, dreary aspect of the low banks and leafless trees, we now met some appearance of foliage, slight, it is true, but welcome to the Canadian, who felt that all trace of it had passed away in his own land. Memphis has nothing remarkable in it from the river. It seems a town quiet and without peculiarity, with a population of some 15,000, with its comfortable dwellings, its churches, and its shops. But, strange to say, we could get no papers there. Indeed, I may remark that the same disappointment occurred in all the landings on the Mississippi. Neither at Vicksburgh nor at Natchez could we obtain New Orleans papers, and had not a passenger come on board, with one two days old we would have been equally unsuccessful everywhere. Vicksburgh we passed during the night, so I can say nothing of it, still the purser was kind enough to attempt to get a paper for me, and at Natchez, having half an hour to spare, I went to a dozen places in search of one. Natchez is rather a pleasing-looking place—from the fact that you see nothing of the town. The dominant feeling as you look upon the heights is, that it is secure from fever. A small cluster of houses are known by the name of “Natchez under the hill,” and it bears the reputation of having witnessed many a murder, of bowie-knife encounters, and wonderful games of brag and poker, of which I am somewhat sceptical. Now, however, it is a quiet enough place, where peaceful men imbibe beer and drink cocktails, without fear of the untimely fate which tradition has assigned to so many.

It was after leaving Vicksburgh that we felt we were indeed South. The weather was beautiful, and the wind, which was a head wind, came with so agreeable a warmth that we turned to catch the breeze.

Pea-jackets were thrown aside, and the few ladies on board, who previously had come on deck prepared to brave old Boreas himself, deftly mounted the companion, without even a veil over their *chevelure*. We now passed several small villages, which looked to me somewhat dilapidated, and on each side plantation succeeded plantation, mostly of cotton; indeed, we had the advantage of seeing some of the latter. And here I must remark, one of the astonishing features in the Mississippi is the utter absence of wharves. At this hour there are no more on its waters than when La Salle sailed up the great lakes, and passed onward till he met the Illinois river; or when De Soto moved from Florida across the continent to its waters. At Memphis and Natchez an old steamboat is metamorphosed into a wharf-boat, and it appears that it is placed there more as a convenience for the offices constructed on it than from want of depth. At all the wood stations the boat goes in to the shore, and if signalled anywhere on the river, where the pilot knows he can go, he obeys the call. Thus we stayed at several plantations to load the cotton bales, and as to do so was a matter of some minutes most of us strolled on shore. Opposite Natchez we saw roses in bloom, but they had already been touched by the frost, yet the foliage was as green as our fields in summer. Hanging from the trees is a species of moss, which is striking enough when near to it, but at a distance, to my mind, it has a very heavy and not an agreeable look. This moss has become a considerable article of commerce. After being gathered it is placed in water for some time, until it becomes somewhat rotten, and a portion of it can be removed. It is then taken out, dried, beaten and prepared, and used to stuff sofas and mattresses. In price it is about a quarter the value of horse hair, and certainly, after having slept for a week upon it, I should say, very little inferior. Nor must we discard the feature of how seldom are seen on the Mississippi the various craft which sail on other waters. The steamboat is the only vessel which passes on it; no schooner or rigged vessel, that I could

see, were to be met with. We must, however, except the small vessels which, owned by pedlars, pass from plantation to plantation, trading with the negroes principally, taking in exchange the articles which they raise, or, when the latter are sold to the boats, offering to their owners the only temptations on which their money can be spent. These vessels are generally unwieldy and ill-built, got up cheaply, for they are intended but for one trip. As a rule, they are constructed on the Ohio, passing down that river to Cairo, when they turn into the Mississippi, proceeding to New Orleans, where they are broken up and sold for lumber. Now and then you come upon one of them, moving sluggishly down stream, or moored inshore, where the owner is dispensing his luxuries, in the shape of ribbons, tobacco, gaudy calicoes, and questionable whiskey. Otherwise there is a painful monotony of vacancy on these waters, and we in vain look for the square-rigged vessels which navigate our great lakes.

As we went southward, we came to a different climate, and we began to approach that part of the river where the banks are settled. Any one who recollects the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal, can observe the same features here, but with a certain variation. The settlement skirts the whole river, but it extends back from three to six miles only; and the whole of the houses are built by the water. Behind remains the unexplored wilderness. Thus it has the look of a continual street until you arrive at New Orleans. Some of the villas are constructed with great taste, while others are merely old French houses which have their counterpart in many a village in Lower Canada. Some are surrounded with foliage, and from the deck you can see gardens, with the shrubberies cut into quaint figures, as was the fashion of the last century. Others are without a bush. The scenery, to a Lower Canadian, is not striking, for it is a counterpart, but at the same time a magnificent one, of his own waters. It is true that

the sugar-cane takes the place of the wheat-ear, and that the high chimneys of the steam-engines are more striking than the familiar white-washed *habitant* house of the northern river. But there lies the unmistakeable trace of French settlement, which clings to the rivers, and which, in its love of companionship, clustered its dwellings as close as it was possible. One strange physical feature of the river is, that it contracts in width as its volume increases. Above, it spreads out in proportion as it is shallow, but as the water deepens from its many lower tributaries it becomes confined within closer limits. This peculiarity occurs as we approach the *bayous*. These are outlets from the river to the Gulf of Mexico, differing in this respect from the tributary streams, that they help to bear away the water instead of increasing its volume. I cannot learn whether the term is originally Indian or not ; my impression is, that it is an Indian word gallicised.

To return to the trip : its social features hardly need comment. So far as I saw, everybody conducted himself with great good sense, and there seemed on all sides a desire to be obliging and good humored. There are worse spots than a Mississippi boat. At this season of the year there is generally not much travel, as the Southerners descend before November, and we had not many passengers. But when the boats are full, I am told that there is often very heavy play at *Euchre* and *Poker*. The efforts I saw in these directions were harmless in the extreme. But we had a little episode worth relating, and it may do no harm to tell it, for it may prevent others from being taken in. Shortly after leaving St. Louis, one of the river sharks who prey on these vessels, commenced his operations. He had a handful of twenty-dollar gold pieces, and commenced dealing three-card *monte*. The game is played with two red cards and a black, and the bet is that you cannot pick out the black suit. In

one sense there is a chance for the player, because the cards remain untouched after you make your bet, but on the face of it the odds are two to one against you ; besides, there is no one of the least sense but would see, that no man comes on a steamboat with a small pile of gold, unless he knows pretty well that he holds the odds in his own hands. If, too, there were no confederates, the swindle would be less, but in this case, two or three blackguards were present to help the dealer. To do these scoundrels justice, they played their parts well. Of course, when there is no stake, the choice is easily made. The cards are passed slowly, and there can be no doubt as to the identity of the winning card. The moment, however, that a bet is made, when the cards are in this condition, a confederate raises the right card, *out of curiosity*, and the cards are, of course, re-shuffled. One cannot give a great deal of pity to those who lose, for they think that they are availing themselves of all the chances in their favor, namely, the apparent clumsiness and mistakes of the dealer, who, to ingenuous youth, endeavors to appear very much of a fool. Generally he manages to mark the card which wins ; the moment, however, the bet is made, with great dexterity, and in an inconceivably short space of time, he marks another card, and substitutes one for the other. He uses his hand—the better, his eye ; which is quickest none who has seen even a street conjuror hesitates to admit. The dealer was one of those clever, bland blacklegs, who turn up everywhere. “There was a chance,” he said, “for the needy to make money, but I advise you, if you have families, not to bet, for you may lose. You think the game is plain—so it is—I deal to win ; now, sir, try your chance ; move the card, if it’s only for fun. There, you see, you would have won. Now, one hundred or two hundred dollars—nothing less—no *sir-e-e*, twenty dollars! won’t touch it. Take your chance, sir. So you are going to bet—good—one hundred dollars. Well, sir, no offence, you will have no hard feelings if you lose. Shake

"hands, sir ; now, sir, choose." The card was lifted, and of course it was the wrong one. He picked up a gold watch and about two hundred dollars in an hour. One of the bonnets, or confederates, was a consummate actor. He first lost one hundred dollars, then staked his watch, and won, and his hand shook so that he could not pick up the money ; again he bet and lost, and again won. The fellows got off at the first landing, where they could pick up another boat to return up the river. Until they did so the dealer went and ensconced himself in the engine-house, away from the crowd. Had the fellow thoughts of possible retaliation ? It seems to me that it would be an act of charity to the unwary, to get the captain of each steamboat to hang up a placard, advising passengers not to stake their money on three-card *monte*, for that the dealers were swindlers. Why should not this be done ? We placard our thoroughfares with the notice "Beware of pickpockets," and is there a difference in the two callings ?

NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, 2nd Dec., 1857.

I will not say that the traveller who knows New Orleans by report only will be disappointed, but certainly he will find it to be different in the extreme from what he has heard it described. Generally it may be said that certain attributes have been affiliated to the southern metropolis, which, had they existed, would have made it unlike any place in the world, and which were accounted for by the changes of government which have marked its history. To some extent no small traces of the past may be recognised, but from what little I could see, they are rather to be found at the surface than deep at the core. Climate, geographical position, difference of institutions, all play their part in the formation of character, but there is a nationality which nothing can destroy, which has a deeper root than all other influences. Thus New Orleans is as essentially an American city as New York or Boston, and perhaps the brilliant page in its history in the war of 1812 may no little have tended to this result, and on the other hand may have aided to extend to it that influence and reputation it possesses. Weigh New Orleans intellectually by the side of Boston, and in vain you seek the Bancrofts, the Prescotts, the Everetts and the Ticknors, and yet on the great question of the day—slavery—it

has equal weight with the northern city in the opposite direction. Like Boston, it is a commercial depot defying rivalry, but whether or no there be something in the atmosphere of slavery which disinclines men to mental labor, no one southern name arises in the mind to be associated with the great thinkers of the North. On the other hand, the stories of the general immorality and looseness of living which have been said to characterise the Southerner are, in my humble judgment, to be at once dismissed as fables. Like all great cities with a constant influx of strangers, there is much to condemn, but the same objectionable features exist in all communities aggregated in masses. For, from all I learned no resident in New Orleans can violate decorum with more impunity than he can elsewhere. The line is very clearly traced here, and whoever crosses it pays the certain penalty of social ostracism. With the superficial observer the exception is taken for the rule, and those arriving with an idea see its development in exceptional incidents, and from hotel life draw conclusions which are opposed to truth. One fact specially will aid to illustrate this view of the case. In the North we have heard that it is absolutely necessary to carry arms in the public thoroughfares, that there were constant disturbances, and a stranger had to be more than usually prudent in order to avoid quarrels. Fortunately, it was not only fine weather when I was in New Orleans, but the moon was at the full, and I made it my business to walk through the city at all hours, day and night, and I never saw a more quiet place. Watchmen were posted at all the principal thoroughfares, and the opinion forced itself upon me, that if any one got into a difficulty he sought it. As for carrying arms, such an idea is laughed at. Now and then a duel takes place, and from the rank of the parties public attention is attracted to it, but men quarrel everywhere. It is, however, fair to observe, that in the season at New Orleans a great many wealthy strangers assemble, and that their expenditure is profuse. Possibly the gayer features of French manners have to some

extent implanted themselves insensibly in the character of the people, for undoubtedly there is a greater love of pleasure, and more determined enjoyment of ease, than is met with at the North. But at the same time business is cared for as energetically and contingencies are as nicely calculated as in Massachusetts. Wealth may be liberally spent, but its acquisition is closely watched. Socially, the stranger meets the greatest courtesy; indeed, politeness is the rule in the South, although now and then you may drop upon a churl. In New Orleans it is especially so, and everywhere you go, you meet in all ranks, with politeness and attention. One striking feature in the population is the extraordinarily good looks of both men and women. There is a *distingué* appearance about the men which I never beheld to such an extent in any one locality. Their dress, also, is unmarked by the least affectation, and as different from that of the commercial "swells" of New York as possible. Here the men look like gentlemen. I cannot say that that impression has come upon me on meeting the *habitués* of the New York *pavé*. The same with the young girls. I do not recollect ever to have seen so many pretty faces as could be counted on a fashionable night at the French Opera. Climate undoubtedly has much to do with this excellence, for even as I write the weather is warm in the extreme, so that the window of my room is open. By all this, one will infer that the impressions which a stranger would feel with regard to the place are favorable. Such certainly was my case, and I could pass a few weeks here agreeably enough.

The first feeling on entering New Orleans is, that you are in a city differing from all others in the Union. Even the American quarter has borrowed and adopted the old French architecture, although now and then you come upon one of those enormities in the shape of a porticoed dwelling-house peculiar to New England. Buildings worthy of note, as models of architecture, there are none. The St. Charles

Hotel is the only striking edifice in the city. Even the old Cathedral, with its *place d'armes*, is not a fine building, and the two Spanish structures by its side are striking only because they differ from the established system of edifices. The new Custom House, however, promises to be an exception. It is surrounded by scaffolding, and is now undergoing construction, the granite being brought from Boston, for there is no out-crop of rock near New Orleans—hence no building stone. Consequently the houses, even the public buildings, are built of brick, and are covered with composition, which soon looks dingy. Hence, even the best buildings have an air of dilapidation; not the wear of age, but a species of architectural shabby gentility, arising from the discolored weathering of the outside. The city may be said to be divided into two parts, Canal Street being the boundary. In one the language—the mode of doing business—the articles sold, are French. In the other quarter, we have all the bustle and stir of any other large American city. Not that the French portion is quiet; on the contrary, Chartres and Royal Streets constitute, with the north-eastern side of Canal Street, the fashionable promenade. They are narrow thoroughfares, each house with its balcony and its paved arched gateway, through the latter of which can be seen the court-yard, paved with brick or flagged. Now and then you come to the heavy cornices of an old Spanish house, while beside it is a shop with its quaint French dormer windows, rising up from the tiled roof—tiles which the Spaniards introduced, and which prevail in all the cities of Central America. The signs of the shops are French, and you enter naturally to speak that language. Now and then a Spanish translation appears, but it is rare that it does so. It is in this quarter of the town, near the Cathedral, that you find the French Opera. The exterior is striking; the inside mean and shabby, but the acting is admirable; indeed, there is no *souvenir* of my trip more agreeable than the pleasant evenings I passed witnessing the admirable acting of Madame Richer. The

Cathedral contains two good paintings, one an excellent copy of Murillo's Virgin and Child. The old *place d'armes* in front is now laid out into a garden with walks, in which stands the equestrian figure of Jackson. As a composition, it struck me that everything is sacrificed to the position of the horse. The animal is on its hind legs, the two fore legs being in the act of rising as on a gallop, and the stern old general is with his hat in hand, returning the salutations of the populace, as he entered the city, after our blunder in assaulting it as we did. One, however, can forgive any fault, for the place would be incomplete without the statue. But certainly it wants repose, and has a clumsy look, which is to be regretted, for otherwise it possesses merit. Those who know the *place d'armes* at Montreal, see the counterpart of New Orleans, with this exception, that while Montreal has much the finer buildings, New Orleans is the more striking from the differences which I point out. The gardens, however, are but shabbily laid out, which is inexcusable when the resources of the climate are considered. The prevailing flower is the chrysanthemum, with the yellow dwarf of the same species. There is also the osage orange, which forms an excellent hedge, and which admits of being cut into fantastic figures and shapes; but it was in very bad condition. Perhaps a ramble in the suburbs will give the greatest gratification, for you drop upon old buildings which show the style which was observed by the old inhabitants. I do not think, from the superficial enquiries I could make, that there is much affinity between the two races. By all accounts there are two societies, which the differences of language and religion tend to perpetuate. They have sharp hits one against the other. The Americans tell stories of Creoles who have never crossed and who never will cross Canal Street. The Creoles laugh at some of the abortions of American architecture. One great attraction, however, is common ground—the excellent French Opera, which, with all the theatres here, is open on Sunday as on any other

day ; indeed, on this point, Sunday afternoon is the great gala day. Last Sunday, there was a balloon ascension, and the streets were crowded to witness it. Sunday morning is the great day for the market, and when the weather is fine it is crowded with ladies, who rise to take their matutinal stroll. Excellent coffee can be had on these occasions, as I can speak from experience ; indeed, the machine is expressly made, so as to be warmed with charcoal, and you get the beverage in as good order as it is possible to obtain it. The market is very fine, and presents as great a variety as can be wished for—fruits of all kinds, vegetables of all climates, and fish of which we do not hear in our northern country. Not disagreeable is it to stroll through the crowd congregated on these occasions. You have a perfect fair, enlivened with that music which peculiarly appeals to the charitable, for it is generally performed under difficulties. Such as guitar-players with no right hand, who strike the string with a spur, blind fiddlers and deaf flutists accompanying harpers who are lame. Some bananas or an orange eaten at this time of day are by no means disagreeable ; indeed, it is in the morning that fruit is recommended, and certainly there are inducements enough in the market to follow the suggestion.

As one looks upon the Mississippi, which curves and winds round New Orleans, as it does in every part of its course, and from which the title of the Crescent City is derived, we look in vain for the reasons which prompted the choice of the site. So far as the river is concerned, the city might have been a hundred miles higher or fifty lower, the distance from the mouth of the Mississippi being one hundred miles, and the ground is so low that the drainage runs away from the river. Immediately behind the city is a low swamp, which generates fever and disease, and which is the secret of the unhealthy condition of the place. On such low ground the city is built. Indeed it is impossible to dig a grave, for water is immediately met with, and consequently

the cemeteries of New Orleans differ from other spots where the dead rest, in the peculiarity that the latter are all above ground. For tombs in the literal sense of the word receive them. In some instances, these are merely brick receptacles admitting a single coffin ; in others, they are large structures rising thirty and forty feet from the ground, formed into compartments, and frequently decorated with much architectural embellishment. Between these extremes, every variety is to be met with, but the greater efforts are the result of societies ; and therefore it is a common practice for individuals to combine, to obtain a decent place of rest when they cease to be, as, when living, they formed one of a number to enjoy the creature comforts of existence. The appearance of a cemetery is therefore striking in the extreme. As you walk among these last homes of your fellows, you feel indeed that you are in the company of their remains. When beneath the sod, you forget the few feet between you and them. They have disappeared from view, and you think that the earth either has worked out its power, or is rapidly so acting to absorb within herself, the physical elements of what once directed great thoughts and high aspirations, or controlled disappointed hopes. The theory of our very being, from the earliest days of religion and literature, is that the dust should return to the earth as it was ; but here you are wandering among mouldering relics of humanity, separated only by a few inches from decay in all its stages. The tombs, too, here and there, are following the very law which led to their construction. Many are dilapidated ; many have fallen in ; and the record which affection, or compliance with custom, has traced, has in no few instances long since faded to nothingness. Rank grass grows around these receptacles of the dead. But you come to spots where affection has raised tributes to those who had passed away, in the shape of flowering shrubs, and in the French taste, garlands and mementoes are hung on many a tomb. I wandered through the cemetery, but I saw no epitaph worth preserving. Now

and then you drop upon a few words of sincerity, at least having that impress, but they are what can be found in any churchyard. Generally indeed the exceptions to this tone of thought, are remarkable only when they merge into absurdity. Rarely is there met a noble tribute like that to Wren in St. Paul's, or the line in which the affection of Johnson bore homage to the genius of Goldsmith. But I do recollect an epitaph which I saw some few years ago in Panama Cathedral, which for simple pathos strikes me as unrivalled. It was to a young girl, in Spanish, and as far as I recollect ran, "*A Francisca Arosemana de edad 17 años, quien murió* [here came the date], *mas quien vivirá eternamente en la memoria de los suyos.*" To Francisca Arosemana, 17 years of age, who died on such a date, but who will live for ever in the memory of her own near kindred. In vain I sought for some such tribute here. All was common-place. There are several such cemeteries in New Orleans, one I believe in each ward. They are constantly open, and are visited by nearly every stranger. Out of the town some three miles, there is a piece of ground where the friendless are buried, for here they are interred. Those, however, who can afford to pay for a site—and the expense is by no means slight—are enclosed in the tombs of the city cemeteries. This system of burial, as was said above, is caused by the low ground on which the city is built. Hence, too, the heavy pumping machines which are continually at work, in the swamp to the north of the city, to compass good drainage. The secret of the selection of the site of New Orleans lies to the north, in the link of the small lakes which open a communication to the Gulf of Florida. A glance at the map shows how a passage across the narrow neck of land—it is but six miles—to Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne, shortens the communication with the Atlantic seaboard. By this route the United States mail is now carried; by this route, were the line of railways developed as it should be, the whole Northern travel would pass; by

this route passed the British on their ill-planned, ill-managed, ill-conducted, ill-fated expedition against New Orleans, to prove, perhaps, the greatest record of a defeat in modern times. With this fact in view, the physical peculiarities of New Orleans can be understood, for everything has been sacrificed to it. Were the ground twenty feet higher, the city might become one of the largest in the world. We may see this in the fact of what it now is. So low is the level, that, as in other parts of the Mississippi Valley, an embankment (retaining its French name, *levée*,) is run by the water-line, to stay the progress of inundations. This forms the highest ground in the city, and the surface water of the streets runs away from the river. Yet, in spite of the natural consequences, *malaria* and yellow fever, here is the great emporium of the South and Great West; here is the centre of that region; here its *entrepot*; as on one hand, Montreal is the natural port of all the territory tributary to the St. Lawrence, so is New Orleans the commercial centre of the valley of the Mississippi and all the territory which lies around it to that scarcely defined line where the natural route is to pass by Canadian waters. Efforts have been made to seek other channels for the trade, and the railway from Memphis to Charleston is a proof of the enterprise which has sought to divert the cotton interest to that beautifully situated but somewhat unprogressive city. But nothing can compete with the Mississippi, and at the somewhat mean wharves of New Orleans lie vessels in abundance to bear away the cotton to Great Britain. Its commercial relations, therefore, make it the great mart of the South West and of Texas, and so it must remain. Perhaps it is a feeling of geographical strength which has led New Orleans to be the focus of attempts to possess Cuba and Central America. Already there is no limited trade between Havana and New Orleans, in spite of the jealousy and mistrust of the Spanish Government, and possibly there is a feeling that all its commerce could be entirely controlled by New Orleans if the island became an addition

to the United States. The same with Central America. Within the last month an expedition has been started for that unhappy country, and Walker, with a handful of men, is again to bring trouble to that distracted land.* I have met many who knew Walker. They speak of him as a man of great moral courage and of wonderful tenacity of purpose, but they do not attach much value either to his statesmanship or his generalship. Henningsen is spoken of as the life of the expedition, and it is said that he has an organization of a thousand men in Georgia ready to take the field. Reports likewise assign to Texas the merit or demerit of containing a regiment ready to march, Money, it seems, is not wanting, and the expedition owns, at all events, one steamer—the *Fashion*—in which Walker embarked near Mobile with a stock of arms and some four hundred men. His destination is unknown. I learned from a gentleman who is mixed up with Walker, or at least supposed to be so, that great secrecy had been observed, although it was possible that the Executive at Washington was as well-informed as Walker himself. His own opinion was that the attempt would be to make a descent on Costa Rica, and with a fair prospect of success. The latter was indeed the prevailing opinion. It is considered that Walker has learned by the past, and that he will avoid the faults which he has already committed, and that if he can only for a time maintain himself, the South will supply crowds of adventurers to join him—men who, once there, will be determined enough, but who do not care to play a very desperate game. It is impossible to form an opinion of the result. That the organization has wide ramifications is undoubted. They have their head-quarters in New Orleans, and a shabby enough house it is, but the extent of their resources is concealed. I cannot but think that the

* Since this was written the expedition of Walker has proved a failure, owing to the interference of the United States Naval authorities.

Mormon difficulty will interfere with Walker's success. If the President, as it is supposed he will do, recommends the adoption of stringent measures against that accursed creed, there will be a safer and more honorable opportunity for the adventurers who turn away from a sober existence. Volunteers will be needed if the Mormons offer resistance. In any case, Mormonism has to be uprooted, root and branch, and every trace of its infamous profanity removed from the face of the earth. While on this point, let me say that if the Mormons capitulate without resistance, it will be with the understanding that they may make an exodus to other lands. On one hand is Mexico; to the north is British America. Is it not our duty to anticipate the contingency that the north may be thought the promised land, and at once meet the coming evil and take steps to prevent their advent among us? Oregon, it is true, is not Canada. Our domain has its natural terminus at the Rocky Mountains, but we, nevertheless, have equal interest in interfering in preventing such a desecration of British Territory, for the contagion would not fail to cast its blight upon us.

Returning to New Orleans, it is necessary to allude to the environs. Everywhere do you meet with the same low country. Six miles south, below the city, you stand on the terrible battle-ground. All trace of the struggle has disappeared. The last memento—the tree under which the unfortunate Pakenham died—was blown down last year. Where the English camp was pitched a large sugar refinery is peaceably engaged, and a common tavern stands on the ground where Jackson so gallantly threw up his entrenchments and fought his good fight. The day is gone by when an Englishman will fail to do justice to the pluck and determination of this great man, and so admirable and sagacious were his measures—so fatuous, so mad the conduct of the English commander—that in spite of one's nationality one's sympathies

are against one's country. Let us, however, leave the spot. It is a *sad souvenir*, and, as the road is diversified on one side by the river, with its busy landscape, and on the other by the rich foliage of the magnolia and the orange tree, with a little effort it is not hard to forget our failure, which, at all events, was not ignominious, for, although we fell, we fell like men. The drive to Lake Pontchartrain is more pleasant, both in association and in scenery. The superstructure is composed of shells,* which lie in myriads on the beach of the lake, and placed on the road-bed they are crushed into solidity by a heavy roller. Nothing can be smoother and better than this road, and hence it is the scene of the prowess of many a fast trotting horse. For a long distance it passes by the side of the canal which runs from the lake to the city, admitting the navigation of propellers and sloops. I am told that in the hot weather, alligators of all sizes are to be seen sunning themselves on the banks. It was too cold during my trip for them to make their appearance, but the drive was agreeable, even with this deprivation. Indeed, I can conceive that it must always be pleasant to pass along this road—its evenness, the breeze from the lake, the ripple of the water, the foliage, although in a swamp, give it a remarkable beauty. From the lake there is a railway which passes through Carrollton to New Orleans. The former is six miles above New Orleans, on the river. I went by the railway to this place, and we took half an hour to make the six miles, but there were eleven stops in the distance. It is, however, one continuous series of residences between the two places, and I can easily imagine how, in the extremely hot weather, parties of all ranks would be glad to pass to the lake to enjoy the fresh, cool breeze, if it were only for an hour. An excellent hotel is there, and there is every

* The *Guathodon Cuneatus*—Lyell alludes to this road, adding: "It is made of *Guathodon* shells procured from the east end of the lake, where there is a mound of them a mile long, 15 yards high, and 20 to 60 yards wide," &c.

inducement to tempt those rich enough to spend money to go. And it appears to me that everybody in the place thinks little how he opens his *porte-monnaie*.

Let me say that few cities will repay the traveller better than New Orleans. As I walked through it I felt thoroughly indemnified for the seven days which I had passed on the Mississippi. It is full of interest. Even the American portion of the city has an originality not to be seen elsewhere. But in the narrow French streets of the Creole population—the old-fashioned buildings with their balconies—and the varied appearance of the people themselves, you are made to feel that you are a traveller. Still, with all this, you pass to the hotel, and finding all the comforts you have left behind you, and seeing the throng of merchants and brokers, and glancing along the spars of the vessels and the chimneys of the steamers—there is the impression that you are yet among a people with whom commerce is the predominating principle. It is these who give the tone to the place, while the careless planter, away from home with his family on a holiday, is merely the exception, and is, to some extent, a visitor as you are. I must add, that I saw but few carriages in the streets, a fact to which I drew the attention of a friend, and he told me that my observation was correct. Possibly the weather is tempting for drives but a few months in the year, and hence it becomes more economical to hire than to own horses; besides, the city is compactly built, and the principal residences are not very far distant from the streets which constitute the fashionable promenade. I must own that I shall ever look back with pleasurable feelings to the few days that I passed in this city. To me everything had a holiday look, and it is something in this cut-and-thrust world to have such an impression, if it be only for an hour.

NEW ORLEANS TO CHARLESTON—CHARLESTON—
WASHINGTON.

NEW YORK,
ST. NICOLAS, 15th Dec., 1857.

It was my intention to have proceeded from New Orleans to Cuba, but I received letters which changed my intention. I must own, that it was a matter of regret that I had to abandon the idea, but abnegation is one of the laws of our being, and like others I had only to bow to circumstances, and submit to the disappointment. I had therefore to think of returning home, and the question naturally was what route I should take. Evidently the easiest and the cheapest was by steamer to New York; but I expected letters at Washington, and hence I felt bound not to slight the correspondent whom I had directed to address me there. My mind was accordingly made up to pass through Alabama and Georgia to Charleston, and thence to Washington, and onward to New York. I was somewhat afraid of the low water in the Alabama river, more especially as I learned that vessels had been known to pass a few days aground there; but on the other hand I was told that there was a stage route across to Montgomery, by which the United States mail was carried, and that if I was indifferent to a little annoyance, I could calculate on experiencing no delay if I

travelled by it. Determined to make Charleston my first stopping place, I left New Orleans in the afternoon by the short railroad to Lake Pontchartrain, where I was transferred to the small low-pressure steamboat which runs to Mobile. We arrived there in the morning, and having a few hours at my disposal I drove through the city. The scenery is low and quiet as you approach it, by the carefully buoyed out channel, for the water of Lake Borgne is shallow, and requires if not skill in navigating it, at least a knowledge of the shoals; and for miles before you arrive it is marked by piles driven in and capped, with lanterns which are nightly lighted, by a boat specially deputed to the duty. Mobile itself has nothing about it to dwell upon, if I except that when you enter the —— house (I leave the hotel a blank) you feel that you are not in the Saint Charles. I do not mean simply in size and accommodation. To complain on this ground would be unreasonable. What I mean, is on the score of politeness and civility. In New Orleans, in this admirably managed hotel, nothing can exceed the courtesy of every member of the establishment, and the care for your comfort; I was almost saying that it was the best hotel in the world: whereas in Mobile, the porter is told "to take this man's things up," and you get snubbed, however courteous you yourself may be. Besides, it struck me that information was regarded as not appertaining to the duties of the office clerk. The cost of vehicles, the routes north, the hours of starting, and such reasonable queries as one makes as a matter of course in an hotel, were all treated monosyllabically, or entirely ignored. However, one drops now and then upon gentry of this species, and really they are hardly worth gibbetting; but perhaps the proprietor will take the hint, for I can tell him that his house has not too good a reputation.

I drove over Mobile, and felt like Goethe's friend Beirich, that so far as it went, after all one's experience there was in reality nothing

to experience, and made my preparations for starting, having determined to take the land route. By it you do not pass up the Alabama river, but you enter one of its forks—the Tansaw which runs parallel to the former, some six miles or so from it—the two embouchures being but a trifling distance apart. It is a winding stream through a flat country, in some parts narrow, with alligator swamps on each side, but beyond the reeds and rushes there is a rich foliage. The season was not opportune, to meet any of these not too graceful saurians, but some twenty miles up we did see a small fellow, of some three or four feet long swimming inshore, which could hardly have been expected, for the day was cold and raw. In summer, I am told they are plentiful enough, and as all sportsmen wage unrelenting war against them, no few of them are shot. About five we arrived at Stockton, where we saw the stages ready for us, and I soon learned that I was the only passenger. On the boat there were but four passengers, and two of them left us at the first miserable landing to take the stage for Florida, while the third came on to Stockton. It is a place of about nine houses, yet its name is on the map, and one would imagine by seeing it there, that it was a thriving and bustling town. Generally, however, there is but little travel in this direction, and the route is maintained purely as a mail route. Even we may wonder what sustains the small village. I could learn nothing beyond that the stage company had stables there, and indeed every twenty miles of the distance to Montgomery there are similar establishments for the horses ; otherwise it is almost a wilderness. The main route is by the Alabama river from Mobile to Montgomery, and when there is plenty of water in the stream, the first class boats make the trip in about three days, the distance three hundred and forty miles, being in no small degree increased by the undulations of the river. In seasons when the water is low there is great risk of detention. The mail, however, is bound by contract to make

the distance in 40 hours to connect with the Railways running east, so at least 48 hours are saved by the land route which runs traversely in a direct line between the two points. A Railway is now being constructed from Montgomery, some twenty-five miles of which are in operation towards Pensacola, and possibly a branch may be carried to a point opposite Mobile. Evidently such a scheme would insure all the travel between New Orleans and Washington; but there is difficulty in getting the stock taken up. The design for the present is to construct only the main line, and by all accounts to do so will be no easy task, for the country is but poorly settled. I sat on the box with the driver of one of the stages who was very intelligent; and as we started about six or so, I thought it would be no great harm to enquire where we could get some supper. I learned, however, that it was a meal not in fashion on the western part of the road, for the proprietor of the establishment, finding that there were no travellers to eat supper, had retired from the business. I enquired accordingly if something could not be had where we changed horses, which would be about ten, the distance being twenty miles; but I learned that the horse-keepers boarded some two miles from the stable, and the driver added that where he himself stopped, it would be equally impossible; however he was good enough to tell me, that he would divide what he had brought for himself. Fortunately I had something which I could add towards the supper, so we did the best we could with cold broiled fish and some biscuits. It now came on to rain, so I retired from my seat to the monotony of the inside; and certainly although the rain poured in torrents, and the roads were as bad as they could be, no time was lost. As I had been told, there was evidently no doubt but that I would arrive at the hour named, for no obstacle seemed to retard the driver, and we dashed along without the least regard either to the roughness or bad condition of the road. I was not sorry to see daylight, for it was a dreary ride

that wet night, besides it gave promise of breakfast, which came in due time. The rain had now passed over and I took my old seat, but my benevolent friend who had shared his supper with me was not there. I must confess that I was disappointed in the appearance of the forest trees. Compared to a Canadian wood scene they were insignificant. Nothing was there equal to our noble pines, if we except the magnolia and the evergreen oak. Both, however, were of rare occurrence. There is the well known Georgia pine, but it is by no means so fine a tree as its northern brother, and generally the timber has, what one of our lumberers would call a dwarfish look. As we approached Montgomery the country becomes more settled, and we took dinner at a farm house which had some pretensions to comfort. Small settlements succeed each other, but generally the buildings had a delapidated look, and there was an air of poverty over the whole route. Now and then, in new northern settlements we come to spots where city comforts are unknown, and those who dwell in towns know nothing of the hardships which early settlers undergo. But in these cases, although the house is merely a log hut, and there is but one room in it, you never meet misery and squalor. Rather, if you put out of mind the blessings of pavements and gas lights, and the cheerful association with cultivated and genial minds, a few weeks not only will reconcile you to the life, but the free air of the forest will give you a sense of independence and manhood which leads you to deem the obstacles before you but slight. No man lives in communion with nature in vain, unless depressing cares bear him down in his own despite. But as I passed by these places, there was a weary spirit-broken look about them, which impressed me that those whose days were cast in this spot hoped for no change—that they had accepted their destiny—and I could not but ask myself—is this a consequence of slavery? For to my mind it is the white man placed in indifferent circumstances in the south, who deserves the sympathy

of his race. As we advanced the road became worse. It has been my lot to pass over many roads—on shanty roads—roads cut for the first time through bush land, which ran round every tree—on mule tracks—on broken plank roads—on paths unpassable half the year—but I do not think that there is such a road in existence as the last thirty miles of this route. So long as we were on the sandy soil of the high land, spots here and there were only objectionable; but we had descended to a lower level where the soil was of clay. It was now quite dark and raining fast. Literally—one more passenger had now joined us—we had to make a purchase with our legs and back to prevent us being pitched up to the roof of the stage. But on the drivers went, the time had to be made, or a heavy forfeit paid. One of the reasons why the road is in such a bad condition is, that the railway was near completion, and, perhaps, before this letter is in type, the engine will pass over half of the distance. But the night I was there, I may pronounce it to be the worst road that I ever saw, heard, or dreamed off. It turned, too, quite cold, and when we stopped at a plantation where supper was prepared, and where we were to take the railway in the morning for Montgomery, I felt as if I was leaving purgatory. We were unusually late on arriving; indeed, they had been looking out for us two hours. Hence we had many apologies for our half-cold meal, but there was a blazing fire, and there were beds on which we could sleep for an hour, such was the time allotted. So we sat down while the poor sleepy negroes ran round us to supply our wants, which fortunately were moderate enough. At the time appointed the stage came to drive us one more mile to meet the railway, and we sat for about half an hour in the grey of the morning until the cars came up. In them we eagerly took our seats, knowing that for the next two hours we were safe from such inflictions as we had been subjected to, and without further difficulty we came into Montgomery.

The last named city on the Alabama River, is the capital of the State. It is not marked by any peculiarity. The capital stands prominently on high ground, and there is nothing to note, as differing from other cities of its size. There are two artesian wells, which supply the city with water, and the basins stand in the public streets, perfectly easy of access. It was Sunday when I arrived, so I had to wait for the train at five. The main streets in the afternoon were thronged with the negro population, who are generally slaves, for I learned that there are very few free blacks in the State. There are two routes which lead to Charleston, and there is little choice between them. But I was determined by the desire to pass over the Macon and Millen route, the scene of that extraordinary series of duels, the account of which found its way in the *London Times*. I, therefore, chose the southern route, by Columbus to Macon. Being composed of many lines, we change cars sufficiently often, but the connection being made by omnibuses, the annoyance is but trifling, for the baggage is checked through, and the extent of your labor is to pass from one coach seat to another. On starting, the train was composed of two parts, and according to your destination you took your seat. At Opalika, some seventy miles from Montgomery, one set of cars was borne away north to Atlanta, while the remainder was taken on to Columbus. Certainly despatch is not an element in the management of Southern Railways, and it seemed strange to me, whose Railway education, such as it is, had taught, that not a second should be wasted, to see the engine of the passenger train shunting cars at stations with as much deliberation, as if to do so constituted its whole duty. But the time table gives only about fifteen miles an hour, and hence in some instances we delayed twenty and thirty minutes at a station. We arrived in Columbus by night, and were driven through the City to take the Macon Road. At Macon there is an excellent station where the lines meet, and there are all the conditions of comfort in the shape of a good

hotel, in the building. An hour intervened between the arrival of, and departure of the trains; and I devoted it to a special enquiry of the Arrowsmith story. I could make nothing of it. I saw the conductor of the *ipsissima* train, and sought to extract something like a theory for its explanation. But this gentleman, a pleasant and agreeable person enough, was dumfounded. There was no ground for such a recital, which could be tortured by even the strangest twist, into the extraordinary details of the wonder seeking Englishman. It will be recollected that a Mr. Arrowsmith published, either under his signature at the time—or he immediately afterwards affiliated it—an account of a succession of duels growing out of some trifling affair, which partially took place on the train, and that the train stopped purposely that the combatants could fight it out. Out of one affair arose one or two, all *à l'outrance*, and so circumstantial was the startling narrative, that it seemed hard to doubt it. A denial, however, was prompt; and I believe that the *Times* feeling its character for reliability as in some slight degree compromised in the statement, sent specially a messenger to examine into its truth or falsehood. Be this so or not, the conductors of the journal felt themselves bound to contradict the statements of its correspondent. The question had therefore somewhat of a charm for me. Why had this Arrowsmith drawn the long bow—what were his grounds for doing so—and what was his temptation? In my idea the story has a western smack which suggests that it originated without the mind of the narrator. In short, that the man was hoaxed. Englishmen travelling in the United States are remarkable in many ways, by dress, by manner, and that I should write it, too often by undue pretension. I do not say that it is the case with Mr. Arrowsmith. Possibly he may be genial and natural to a degree, but the only way in which his story can be accounted for, is, that some one in the cars “spotted” him, and gave him the benefit of his inventive powers; and that being in search of the marvellous, Mr. Arrowsmith adopted the

facts as his own, for it is perfectly certain that nothing of the kind ever happened. From Macon the Railway runs direct to Savannah. My destination was Charleston, so at Millen, where we dined, I took the branch line to Augusta. The only point which I could see worth comment regarding the main line, was that it was very indifferently fenced. Otherwise the track was in good condition, and would admit a much higher rate of speed than that adopted, for we did not exceed sixteen or eighteen miles an hour. At least such was the running time, but owing to the long delays at stations it was frequently exceeded. It was quite dark when we arrived at Augusta, so the passengers availed themselves of the omnibuses to go to the city to take supper, returning by them to the Charleston Station. As Augusta is a point in the Railway travel between the North and South, the cars were pretty full till we came to Branchville, where the route turns to Washington. I must say a word on the seats of this route, which are among the most comfortable for night travelling which I have met in my limited experience. With high backs, they are made so that any angle of inclination could be obtained; of course with the limit of not annoying your neighbor, and as it was the fifth night I had not been in bed, I found them peculiarly convenient. About two or so, we arrived at Charleston. Thus having left New Orleans on Thursday I did not arrive at Charleston until the Monday, and I had not lost one opportunity. Surely this is but indifferent travelling in these days of fast locomotion. I presume, however, that the foreigner has no right to criticise if those immediately affected are satisfied.

Beautifully situated is the city of Charleston; and as I stood on the White Point Garden, with Ashley river flowing from the west, and Cooper river in the opposite direction, the bay before me rolling with a gentle ripple in the sunlight, the banks green with foliage, and in the distance the blue line of the ocean broken by the outlines of

Fort Moultrie, with a warm breeze breaking upon the face, and all within a few days of Christmas ; I thought that I could pass a few years pleasantly enough in the neighbourhood of such a scene. But, as of the extreme opposite of such a sight, it is said,—

“Treacherous phantoms in the mist delude.”

so in this fair landscape we see but half of the picture. Its autumnal sunshine and verdure tell no tale of the fever which in seasons devastates the place ; for Charleston lies low, and is surrounded by marshy grounds, which periodically by their exhalations poison the locality. In some instances the yellow fever has even assumed the proportions of a plague, at least in the dwellings of the poor, where ill ventilation and want of cleanliness nourish a predisposition to disease. Built too in the old fashion of narrow streets, in spite of its position, and the sea breeze, there is constantly in the extreme hot weather the dread of these visitations. To the student of history Charleston is classic ground. Until the Revolution, the British Government had been recognized by the Carolinians, only as benefactors, who had sustained them in misfortune, and aided them in the pursuit of wealth, and to many the quarrel was merely a defence of a principle in no way affecting their being. Hence there was to the last a loyal party in the South, who warmly advocated the cause of the mother country. On the other hand the Revolutionary adherents were in no way backward in energy. They raised troops, fortified the seaboard, and South Carolina was the first of the colonies to draw up an independent constitution, on the principles which Massachusetts a hundred years back had begun to disseminate. While on this point looking to that terrible struggle with impartiality, we can trace to a minor circumstance which happened some years before, the determined part which the Revolutionary Carolinian played. We

have to go back twenty years to allude to it. On referring to dates, just one century ago. It was during that period of the history of this Continent which the genius of Mr. Thackeray is now revivifying, and gracing with that charm, peculiar to himself, which has beguiled, and will for years beguile many a weary hour. Possibly the very incident may find a place in "The Virginians." After the defeat of Braddock at Fort Duequesne, some Cherokee Indians, who were returning, committed some depredations in Virginia, which was resented by the death of many of those concerned. The consequence was an Indian war, which was carried to North Carolina. An organization was made to repel it, on which the Cherokees sent messengers asking for a reconciliation. Governor Lyttleton, however, replied by making prisoners of the messengers, and proceeded to carry out the expedition he had planned. Although forced to submit, this treatment sank in the minds of the Indians. Nevertheless, for a time they appeared to yield, and twenty hostages were given as an earnest of peace. But the difficulty was only postponed, a war with all its horrors broke out, and among other atrocities, the garrison at Fort Loundon, which had capitulated through famine, and on the express condition of liberty of proceeding to the next town, was attacked within fifteen miles of the fort, when many were shot down and the remainder carried into captivity. In this dilemma a Provincial regiment was raised, fresh troops arrived from England under a Colonel Grant, and the war was vigorously carried on. But Grant treated the Colonel of the Provincials with such indignity, behaved with such arrogance, and was so insolent, that Middleton called him to personal account. They met, and neither was wounded. But so much ill-feeling was created, that it was never quelled, and men like Laurens, Moultrie, Marrión, and Pickens, who were all officers in Middleton's corps, were predisposed to engage in any contest which would permit them to obtain satisfaction of the

insolence of English officials. Indeed, to my mind, the great contest had as much its origin in social as in political feeling. Necessarily there must exist some difference in the tone of thought of men who have lived in the centres of the world, and who have seen all that is worth looking at, and the Provincial whose experience has been limited to the events of his own country. From the first days of civilization until now, the Imperialist has lauded it over the Provincial, who denied a voice in the direction of national interests, is considered by some whose only merit is accident of birth,—I mean locally speaking, for such men are generally *parvenus*,—to be out of the pale of Imperial consideration; and thus narrow-minded and pretentious individuals have caused as much mischief as positive tyranny and misgovernment. The evidence of this may be seen in British North America, even at this day, after all the lessons which history has taught; and that such was the case in the American struggle is impossible to be denied; and the rencontre between Grant and Middleton led to bitterness and passion which never passed away. It was one of these officers Colonel Moultrie, who put Sullivan's Island in defence and beat off Parker. It now bears the name of its defender. Again was Charleston besieged three years later, but without success, and Moultrie again was the defender. Eventually, however, Charleston passed into the hands of the British, and was again evacuated. With some interest I looked for relics of this period. But there are only two prominent ones. St. Michael's Church and the Custom House. Yet the city has even an ancient look, in spite of its having been devastated by fires at least four times. When in Charleston I dropped upon some entertaining memorials of the place, and in dwelling upon old events, they relate on the authority of an eye witness, how this same General Moultrie on one occasion gravely opened a ball, "with a lady of suitable years," in a minuet. The gallant old fellow—he was turned fifty—was in full regimen-

tals, and we may fancy the dignity with which he went through the ceremony.

Charleston is a bustling, business-like looking place. The streets are in some instances unusually narrow, but the houses are substantial and have an air of comfort, and there is a look of wealth in the place, which suggests that those possessing fortune's gifts know how to use them. The stores are well supplied, and on King Street, so far as I know, the only street in the United States of the name, there is all one would desire to find. The public buildings are also notable edifices. A friend pointed out to me Saint Michael's Church as the most chaste model of architecture on the continent. I silently accepted his criticism but I could not agree with him, although the building had the halo of old associations. What struck me peculiarly in Charleston was the police organization. It is a perfect *gens d'armes*. On passing the barrack, I was attracted by the sentry who was marching his regular distance accoutered with side belts and musket. I could see at once he was not a militia man, for there was nothing of a holiday-look about him. Equally could I see that he was not a soldier, for you did not find that smartness and neatness which become inseparable from continuous discipline. I was subsequently enlightened, and learned that there was a strong force constantly in readiness to act. Patrols pass through the city at all hours, and there is a development in this respect which I have seen no where else. I heard that a great many desperate men, owing to the position of Charleston, occasionally congregate there; some of them seafaring men, others in search of some chance by which they could live: hence these precautions. But it struck me that the principal cause of anxiety might be, after all, the slave population. More than once there has been talk of a general rising, and not very many years ago it is averred that only by great skill and courage such a

result was averted. Special care is also taken in the organization of the militia, who I believe assemble more often here for drill than in any other State, perhaps owing to the same cause. There is an excellent Theatre in Charleston, built in the recognised form, so that the spectators may both see and hear. Indeed out of New York it was the only place where I saw even decent acting. I except of course the New Orleans Opera. But generally, although praise was due in one or two instances, I found the acting on the American stage to be slovenly, careless and ill-conceived, and without any regard to stage *minutiae*. Thus at Chicago I saw a *tragedy* in four acts, which ended with perfect poetical justice to every body, while the villain retired in dismay. In New Orleans nothing could be worse than the playing at either Theatre. It is true Mr. Forrest was at St. Louis, but he was anything but well supported. At Charleston, however, the acting was really good and conducted with good taste. Above all things the curtain was dropped at the right time, instead of being kept *in suspense* too long. Why will not some dramatic critic write instructions on the point when the curtain is to be dropped. Even on the English stage, it has struck me that it is often kept up too long. The French, however, understand this better, and generally hit upon a nicety of management with respect to it.

I passed my time agreeably at Charleston, and left it with regret. My reminiscences will ever lead me to think kindly of the picturesque view from the battery, for I keenly enjoyed it. But my letters had called me home, and I had to go. So at four o'clock I found myself going north, on a line newly opened to Florence, which connected with the Wilmington line. I could only get my baggage checked to Florence, for the two lines were not very friendly, and the Wilmington people took out their anger on travellers from Charleston. One hundred and two miles is Charleston from Florence, and

actually we took six hours to do them. Certainly there is a fascination in fast Railway travelling, but a slow train to my mind is the embodiment of hope deferred. We however arrived, and had time to take an indifferent supper before the Wilmington train came. To my surprise the baggage master refused to check my baggage—I was a way passenger—although I explained I had taken my ticket from Charleston to Washington. What was that to them? Then I had a small box—it was a candle box which I had got from the St. Charles Hotel—containing a few French books which I had picked up at New Orleans. The indignant baggage man could not call that baggage. I am not a novice in travelling, so, if it be possible, I never lose my temper. To do so is of little good—and with due respect to the memory of Fuseli—I think that it gives you little relief to indulge in objurgations. So I contented myself with a calm expostulation with the Conductor—of whom I may say, that if politeness be a *peché mortel*, he is safe in counting upon admission to heaven—and only told him that he would hear again of the matter. We arrived at Wilmington at night, and crossed the river in a ferry to take the line to Weldon. Here I had another pretty quarrel about my baggage. The baggage master not only would not check my little box of French books, but he made me pay half a dollar for extra baggage, and was churlish even with that. The *depot* furnished us with all the comforts which we might reasonably expect, washing rooms and a breakfast, and taking the fresh train we went almost due north on our route. Hanging on the trees there was an old friend—a reminiscence of my boyhood, the misletoe—the English misletoe, which for nineteen years I had not seen. There it stood in its graceful festoons, awakening recollections with those who had a past, and to the reader of English literature, suggesting day dreams which the pleasing legends connected with it would create in an imaginative mind. All through North Carolina and Virginia is it to be seen. At Weldon we took din-

ner, and I found on leaving this place that I had dropped my pocket book. It contained little save memoranda, and hence I have been compelled to write without notes of any kind, and I mention the fact so that I may ask forgiveness for any error which I may have made or may make, for the discovery of my loss had the effect of deterring me from continuing my notes, and I have written with no other aid but that of memory. At Petersburg we took to omnibusses to pass to the cars on the other side of the city, which bore us to Richmond, and at Richmond we again went through the same change, till we were again *en route* for Washington. The Railway does not go into the city, but connects on the Potomac, some ten leagues south, with a steamboat which lands you in Washington about three in the morning.

I was but three days in Washington, and I wish to write of it modestly. Washington I would not call a city. It is a political centre. As a city, Toronto even would take a precedence of it in many respects. I do not mean socially or politically, for Toronto in this point of view is so essentially provincial that it could not be mentioned in the same century with Washington. But there is no commercial movement in the streets, and I question if the stores are even as well supplied as ours. Not that the thoroughfares are deficient in animation. On the contrary, I do not for instance think that I ever saw so many pretty women in so short a space of time as I did when there. The fact may be accounted for, by saying that all newly married couples who can afford it, of course take Washington in their trip. But with regard to the tone of the place it must be evident that the foreign diplomatists, joined to the number of American officials who are necessarily men of education, must have a tendency to elevate it beyond these influences which are communicated by merely rich men, whose power lies in their wealth and pretension, and who lose no opportunity of snubbing men of education *when they*

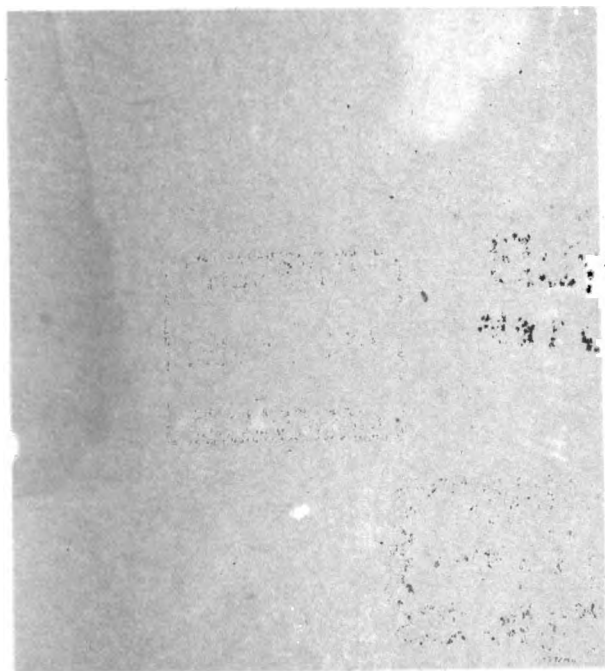
dare. From what I learned, I should say that these people were kept in their place, and I have been told that there is less pretension and more frankness and geniality in Washington than any where in America. The public buildings are striking in the extreme, and are really worthy of a free people. The Capitol is now being enlarged, and standing on a prominent height, and built of white marble, will, when completed, be one of the finest buildings in the world, especially when seen from Pennsylvania Avenue. But the statuary should at once be removed. One allegorical representation of the discovery of the New World is more like a street conjuror than any thing else. A figure has his right arm extended with a ball in his hand. One almost fancies he hears the drum and the pandean pipes of the coadjutor, and then the information, "That this 'ere young man will "throw that there ball six times 'igher than hany 'ouse in London and "catch hit in the ball on his forehead." As for the Colossal statue of Washington, it looks exactly as if that excellent man was about refreshing himself with a bath, for his toga hangs over his arm like a towel, and his Roman *gladius* has exactly the appearance of a thermometer. With regard to the interior of the Capitol no expense is being spared. The House of Representatives was on the eve of completion. Indeed the members have gone into it since I was there; but it struck me that there would be a difficulty in hearing the speakers. Among the other buildings are the President's House, the Treasury buildings, and the Patent office. The latter every one should visit, especially those of a mechanical turn, for there, are deposited all the inventions which the office recognizes, carefully modelled. But what the Englishman would look on with the greatest interest is the original Declaration of Independence, and the modest camp equipage and wearing apparel of the Great Washington. I do not know that there was anything in my trip I regarded with more attention than these relics. It

seems to me that the opportunity is not inappropriate to say a few words on what strikes me as a great national fault of our neighbors. *In limine* let me profess the greatest admiration of Washington. I do not think that any American can entertain stronger feelings of reverence for him than I do, and his memory has yet to exercise an influence in a direction in which its sway has hitherto been slight. For he was an accomplished chivalrous gentleman, above the loose ideas of everything being subsidiary to gain, and the gross selfishness which marks the creed of Franklin. Will any patriotic American boldly say that in this view his example has worked its results? But great and good and pure as Washington was, perhaps of all men the greatest, his memory will not bear the re-iterated tributes paid to him. Everywhere you see his name and his bust. At Washington I think you stumble on it some fifty times. It is *toujours perdrix*. So with the revolutionary struggles. The Americans are proud and justly proud of the deeds of their sires in this respect. But why parade them for ever? Are the weapons used in this strife never to lose their brightness? Is the memory of the ill feeling ever to be perpetuated? I admit that it is classic ground for the writer and the novelist, and so far as my sympathies go they are wholly with them. Indeed I do not hesitate to say, that if in those days I had been a Colonist, as I am an Englishman, I would have ranged myself by Washington's side. But with all this, we do not desire to see continually and at all places Washington and Revolutionary traditions. Thus, in the Chamber devoted to the committee on agriculture, there is a fresco of Putnam leaving his plough on hearing of the skirmish at Lexington. I do not deny there is some analogy in the fact of Putnam's calling, but the philosophy certainly which the picture inculcates is, that the agriculturist should be ready at any call to his feelings—or what may be said to be the same thing, what he considered to be a call—to abandon his fields and his crops un-

hesitatingly. I hardly suppose that any criticism of mine will have any avail, but certainly it is time that this struggle should be regarded as what it has become, History—and that the ill passions which it engendered should be allowed to sleep.

Had it been possible, it would have been agreeable to me to have prolonged my trip. Indeed, the seaboard of this continent has been the scene of so many events, that any one in the least familiar with its history can find motive after motive to wander from the direct routes. But I had to return whether I willed it or not, so, taking the afternoon cars, I found myself at daybreak crossing the Hudson. A hack in a few minutes drove me to the St. Nicholas, that palace for the traveller. To the Canadian who has travelled, New York is home. He is but eighteen hours from the Suspension Bridge, and when the Great Western Railway people choose to consult the convenience of the resident of Toronto, six hours more will bring him to his own city. One who has passed many pleasant hours in New York always treads its pavement with the best of feelings, and as I have many friends there of long standing, I felt literally that I was among my own people. Four happy days did I have here, and then I turned to my northern home.

So ends my holiday ; now for my *quart d'heure de Rabelais*.





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